Sports Illustrated
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CASSIUS CLAY: THE MAN, THE MUSLIM, THE MYSTERY

First of five parts by Jack Olsen



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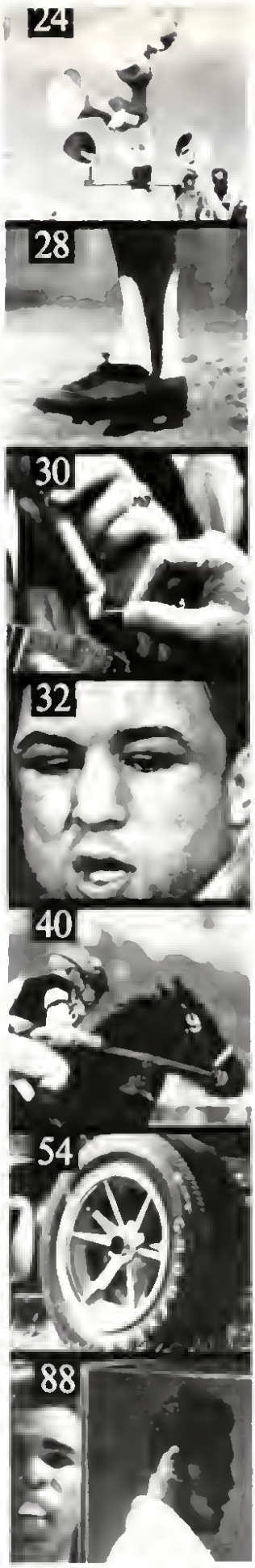
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Next week

BASEBALL 1966 gets under way and we salute it with our annual baseball issue, complete with 15 pages of photographs in full color and an analysis of each of the 20 major league clubs. William Leggett, who likes the Phils, writes at length about that lively and provocative team, and Jack Mann takes a long look at a frequently maligned man, Walter O'Malley, the Los Angeles Dodger. Plus a day-by-day report of the Masters Tournament, and all regular features and news.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Nobody Knows My Name is the title of a book James Baldwin scarcely had to write, the title so nearly said everything Negro Writer Baldwin had in mind. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Senior Editor Jack Olsen, who is not a Negro, has just spent the better part of three months with Cassius Clay, Cassius' family and Cassius' friends of the Black Muslim persuasion, and he says, "In all the time I worked with Cassius, in New York and Louisville and Miami, he never learned my name." You might call that a case of poetic equivalence in an area where perhaps there is no justice.

"It's next to impossible to explain something that I experienced in working on the story," Olsen went on, "but somewhere along the line I learned what it is like to be a Negro. I mean what it is *really* like. I was around the Muslims for a couple of months, and they make you feel exactly the way some whites make the Negro feel. They don't insult you, they just act as if you aren't there. The shortest and quickest course a white man can take to learn about Negroness is to hang with the Muslims. Then he will understand the American Negro—the cloud of contempt in which he walks the streets, the feeling that he comes only as high as the white man's knee, the feeling that produces Uncle Toms at one end of the spectrum and Black Muslims at the other, the feeling of what it is to be considered dirt."

Jack Olsen is a man of extraordinary wit and charm, and well aware of it. Queen Elizabeth would have to work at it to make *him* feel like dirt, but Cassius and his friends managed. In all the weeks of interviews Cassius referred to Olsen as "big shot," "reporter" or "hey," but mostly "he just finessed the whole thing, the way the rest of us called him Champ instead of Muhammad Ali."

But Olsen stayed with Muhammad Ali, to the point of being accorded the tribute, "You look like you got a little mixed in you. You don't look all white to me." Clay meant this as a compliment. Olsen says, "It was like being made an M.B.E. or an honorary member of the B'nai B'rith or something. I dig the things that unseparate men."

There is a great deal that separates Clay himself from other men, most of it understandable, some of it unjust. The article on page 89 of this issue is the first of a five-part series that later will appear as a full-length book, *Cassius Clay: A Study in Emotional Turmoil*. So much has already been printed about Clay that a question naturally arises as to what there is left to say. But, as Olsen points out, Clay is good copy and reporters have found it too easy to exploit his every outrageous word without feeling any necessity to explore the man.

Jack Olsen has explored him, with care and ultimately with sorrow. "To me," he says, "Cassius is no more reprehensible than Mother Cabrini or Lucky Luciano or me. He is exactly the result of the soil he grew up in, and for the mess he has got himself into I have nothing but compassion and, I hope, understanding."

Garry Valk

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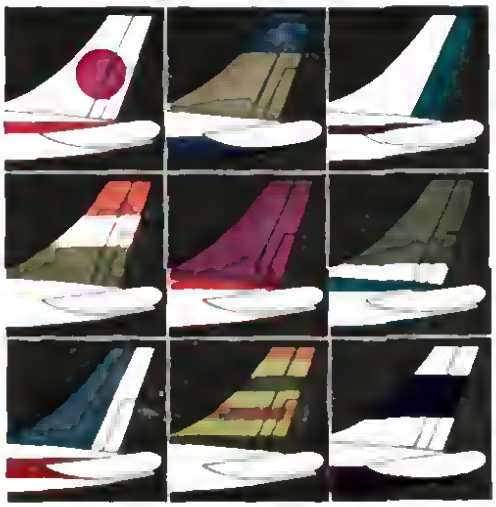
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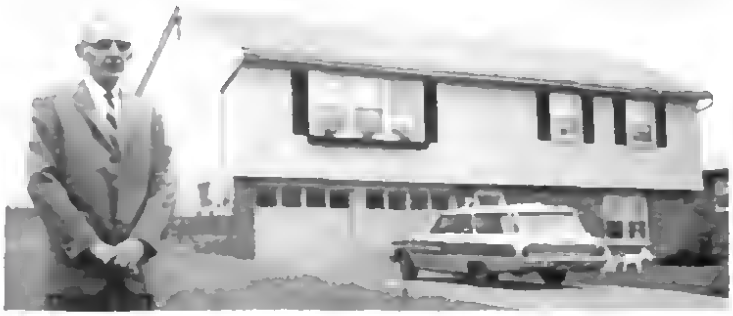


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CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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in Cleveland

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CONNECTICUT GENERAL

SHOPWALK

Bill Russell, star of the Boston Celtics, wanted—and got—a new pair of shoes

New England industry has been in trouble for a long time, and Rhode Island's Bristol Manufacturing Corp., an old Yankee-owned shoe company, was no exception. For years Bristol had been one of the country's largest makers of inexpensive canvas footwear, but by 1963 Bristol's high-capacity production line was slowed drastically by the growing competition from imports and synthetics.

Rather than surrender, Bristol elected to do battle by adding to its output a high quality line of athletic and recreation shoes, starting with one for basketball that would, it was hoped, be endorsed by a "name" player. This inevitably led Bristol's management to the game's best player, Bill Russell (of the Boston Celtics).

The first mild surprise was that Russell, who has a reputation for not selling his name casually, agreed to talk it over and also agreed to come to Bristol to do so. Accordingly, on a July day in 1964 a delegation from Bristol, led by William H. Smith, president, and Salvatore V. Gianola, factory manager, met to have lunch with Russell and his business manager at a Bristol restaurant.

"The next surprise," said Gianola, recalling that preliminary meeting, "was that Russell was anything but the sullen introvert I expected from the stories about him, and that he knew exactly what he was doing there. He told us that he had long wanted a chance to put before a manufacturer his thoughts on an important tool of his trade, because it had been a problem with him for a long time.

"He said he hadn't been able to get a shoe that would stand up for more than two or three games, and that the flat-footed landings he made after those great leaps of his in rebounding left his feet burning and his legs and back aching. Then he went on to tell us that this wasn't merely a matter of his putting a name on a product—it had to be a product that he had a hand in developing. Beyond *that*, he said he would not endorse it until he personally had tested it thoroughly in action and was convinced it could do the job.

"Now, candidly," Gianola said, "this set us back. We assumed we'd come up with something perhaps a little different, all right, but that it would be our thinking going into it—it's our business, after all—and that we would be telling Russell what to do. But Bill's message was clear, and it left no doubt in our minds that it would go his way or there wouldn't be any Bill Russell basketball shoe at all."

Russell wanted a shoe, he told them, that would permit him to stop short, start fast and not produce static friction to slow him when running. It must soften his landings on rebounds. It must not hinder his pivots. It must be flexible and light, and at the same time strong and durable.

"'And when it comes to the trim,' Bill said to us," Gianola recalled, citing the details of Russell's ideas, "'I want it in gold—and remember, *gold*, not yellow.' About that point, with Bill telling us how to make him one pair of size 14½ shoes that would cost us about $3,000 with no assurance that he'd even endorse them, we were saying to ourselves, 'Why did we have to pick this guy?' Why didn't we go for someone we'd mail off a letter to asking for his endorsement and he'd write back and say it was O.K., just send the money? Oh, no, we had to get *Russell*!"

The task of translating Russell's requirements into a manufacturable, practical, yet satisfactory-to-Bill shoe fell to Tony Mattos, a 39-year-old Bristolian who has worked his way in 20 years with the firm from helper to product manager.

Essentially, Tony filled the demands by building up the rubber on the sole about 1/16th of an inch at the main points of contact—heel, toe and ball of the foot. For traction he developed—from a concept proposed by Russell—a series of small triangles pointing forward; these were in place of the standard suction cups found on most sneakers. Flexibility was gained by scoring the sole laterally across the arch area. Comfort and shock resistance were gained by building up the innersole and the impact areas with a special product of Bristol's that expands on vulcanization into thousands of tiny air cushions.

The pilot model was delivered to Russell in New Bedford, Mass. before a game on the Celtics' exhibition tour in August of 1965. Russell was not heard from for a few weeks. When he eventually checked in, the report was fine. He said he had worn the shoes for 21 games and for the practices in between before they had begun to sag. And they were "comfortable as slippers." Oh, yes, there were a couple of changes to recommend (at the cost of $1,000 and two new dies), and these were made. Mattos still has the originals, complete with Russell's markings on them indicating the suggested changes. A production-line run of 25,000 pairs was made, and these sold out quickly. Full-scale production and promotion begins this month.

Bristol is hoping that males of all sizes and ages, not only basketball players, will find the Russell shoe comfortable and lasting. It is made in sizes for boys, youths and men, high-cut and low-cut, black or white—all

continued

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with gold—not yellow—trim. The cost is $7 95 a pair.

"Bill was even in on the price," Gianola said. "He told us that he didn't want a kid wearing a pair of basketball trunks costing about $1 having to pay about $10 for a pair of shoes with the Russell name on it. So we settled for $7.95," leaving it clear by tone of voice that he felt Bristol could rightfully have charged more and gotten it.

Since Russell has extensive holdings in a rubber plantation in Liberia that soon should be coming into production, there could be a time when his shoe will incorporate not only his stamp and name but also his own main business product.

The Russell shoe is the forerunner of a whole new Bristol line Now there has been added a crepe-soled tennis shoe called Match Mates ($6.95) for men and women, and a track shoe of canvas with rubber sole called Track King ($4.95) for males of all ages. The popularity of this model, with its tapered heel and high arch, for casual wear in some sections of the country confounds Gianola, but he does not fight it.

There is a boating shoe named Sea Legs for men, women and children ($6.95). Much of the designing advice on this model was provided by Maurice C Smith III, a Bristol vice-president, son of the firm's chairman of the board and a sailor himself. This shoe's gripping surface consists of nearly 200 tiny suction cups, the walls of which are in the form of an inverted V In this form, each flexing of the sole ejects those unwanted particles of sand and the like that can scrape up the deck of a boat.

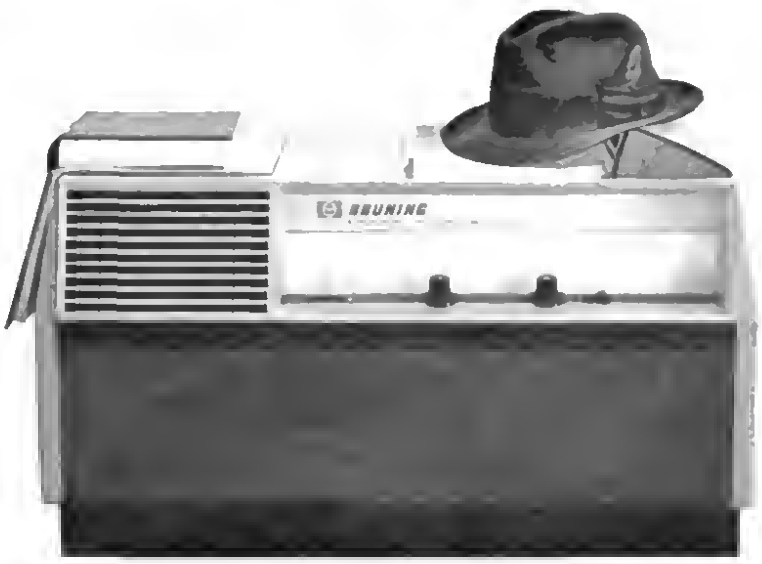
One of Bristol's staples has been the Thermoboot, originally developed as a foul-weather shoe by Gianola for the armed forces and subsequently sold by him to Bristol. This has been promoted with considerable success as an all-round hunting and fishing boot.

With its new products to turn out along with the old, Bristol's plant on Buttonwood Street is humming again, two shifts a day. The work force is nearing the pre-1963 high of 1,300, new production devices and methods are being introduced, the sales and advertising forces have been increased. In one sense, Gianola acknowledges, much of the spurt stems from the work with Bill Russell's new basketball shoe

"The product we came up with, working with Bill, is the leader, the one that set the pace," he said "There is no kidding about it—we have a lot riding on it. But that's only a part of it, as far as we're concerned, with Bill. I guess the way we feel about him is this: if, after all the work, we had come up with a product he didn't think he could endorse, we still would have considered ourselves lucky, just because we got to know the man."

—JOHN HANLON




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BOOKTALK

No matter where your travels take you, be sure to pack your golf clubs

The golfer who cares not so much how he swings as where will enjoy a new book called *Golf: New Horizons* (Thomas Y. Crowell, $5.95), written by Gene Sarazen and Peter McLean in conjunction with Pan American Airways. The book is subtitled "Pan Am's Guide to Golf Courses Round the World." It should interest the golfer who can only contemplate a world tour as well as the man who can make one.

New Horizons is filled with photographs, maps and informative introductions to each of the nine areas it deals with (Europe, Scandinavia, the Caribbean, South America, Hawaii and the South Pacific, Asia and the Philippines, the Middle East, Africa and North America), but its main strength lies in the amazing wealth of detail produced by Pan American's far-flung offices. Consider this entry from the chapter on Belgium concerning an obscure club near Ghent, the Royal Golf Club les Buttes Blanches:

> LOCATION: Ghent (10 minutes by car from Gand). COURSE SIZE: 18 holes; 6,390 yards; par 73. AVAILABILITY TO VISITORS: Visitors welcome. GREEN FEES: Weekdays, $2; weekends, $3; per week, $10. CADDIE FEES: $2 per round. RENTAL OF GOLF CLUBS: Available. PROFESSIONAL LESSONS: $4 per hour. CLUBHOUSE FACILITIES: Restaurant and bar. RECOMMENDED ACCOMMODATIONS: Deurle: Hotel St. Cristoffle.

This is merely one of several hundred courses so listed. Offered are such interesting little tidbits as the fact that at the Oarai Golf Club in Japan (7,200 yards, par 72) the green fee can run as high as $15, but the caddie (usually an attractive Japanese girl) will cost only $1 for a round. Or that at the Cosmopolitan Club in Madras, India (6,030 yards, par 72), a visitor can play a round of golf for no more than 50¢ and hire a caddie, and a forecaddie as well, for the grand total of 35¢. The forecaddie comes highly recommended by Authors Sarazen and McLean. He is there to guard your tee shot from the larcenous birds and monkeys who have apparently concluded that golf balls are as edible as eggs.

In some arid areas of Australia and India, it might be advisable for the touring golfer to carry a small broom in his bag. Where the grass won't grow on the greens—which are called browns—sand, or a mixture of sand and oil, is used for the putting surface. On the greens, or browns, it is perfectly legal to sweep a smooth path from ball to hole.

If you are making a trip to Thailand, don't expect to play much golf unless you are there in December through February. The rest of the year is too hot or too rainy. But since when has weather stopped a golfer?

—GWILYM S. BROWN

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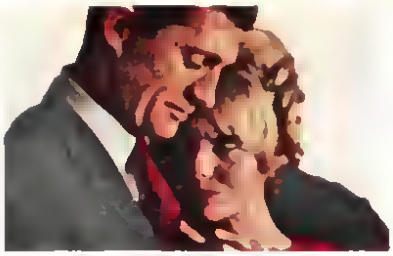
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*Overall diagonal measure 112 sq. in. rectangular picture area

SCORECARD

LONG-LINING (CONT.)

Specialists in the Interior Department, meeting with representatives of sport and commercial fishermen, addressed themselves to the urgent problem of long-line ocean fishing (SI, Jan. 31) at an all-day conference last week, and emerged burning for action. The trouble is, action takes money, and since the Administration is slashing departmental budgets these days, both to redeem Great Society promises and Vietnam commitments, that money is scarce.

First of all, Interior wants to make a definitive study showing precisely how many of the tuna and billfish now being hauled in indiscriminately by the long-liners can be harvested without endangering the supply. American commercial and sport fishermen are united in their desire for the study, but estimates of its cost range as high as a million dollars. Interior is likely to have a rough time getting the money. "It's an emergency," a department spokesman said, "but then most of our conservation projects are."

Many Congressmen have become concerned (Senator Brewster of Maryland entered the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED article in the *Congressional Record*). More should be concerned—and will be if readers write them urging action.

THE TWIRLERS' REVOLT

Frontline dispatches from the University of Maryland indicate that it will be a long war between the marching band and the seven-girl majorette corps. The girls were told by Band Director Acton Ostling Jr. that they will be dropped from performances at football games next fall. He wants a band marching with military precision and feels that the twirling of batons by majorettes would be at odds with the new image. Linda Davis, majorette corps captain, charges that the band wants to get rid of them simply because they are girls. Ostling, according to Miss Davis, keeps girl musicians out of the band and has it in mind eventually to do away with—by nonviolent means, of course—the girl color guards. The majorettes have considerable support on the campus—both from other girls and from boys, who like looking at girls at football games or anywhere else. Student leaders have hinted that help from the student government funds may be withheld for band activities unless the girls are included. Ostling thinks that baton twirlers are a distraction from the manly business of football. He has, however, agreed to allow two twirlers at basketball games—but only if they wear long pants.

PUTTING PRESSURE ON THE FOULER

April unfailingly brings intimations of spring, the anticipation of baseball and suggestions for changing basketball's personal foul rule. This year is no exception. Kermit Anderson, assistant executive secretary of the Minnesota State High School League, comes forward to propose that the player who commits the foul must take the foul shot. If the fouling player sinks the shot, the opposing team gets one point; if he misses, they get two. Sink or miss, his team then gets the ball out of bounds.

"This shifts the pressure to where it belongs," says Anderson of his wonderfully simple idea. "Under the current rules it is the innocent man who has been fouled who is on the spot. This new plan puts the pressure on the player who committed the foul and would certainly cut down indiscriminate fouling."

It might at that. Now all someone has to do is figure out how to work all these points-in-reverse into the box score.

TURNABOUT AT NORFOLK STATE

Norfolk State, a predominantly Negro four-year college in Virginia, is launching a campaign to recruit white athletes for its football team. "We are going to fight fire with fire," says Coach Bill Arehie. "We can't get the top-rated Negro athletes in the area, because the white colleges outbid us, especially for the good students. We have lost five or six promising Negro athletes, and therefore we are going after the good white boy who has promise as an athlete and as a student."

Norfolk State has several white students among its total college enrollment of 2,567, and a number of white teachers on its faculty, but its athletic teams have never before been integrated. "We are a sleeping giant in a metropolitan area," says Coach Arehie, "and we have much to offer outstanding athletes, white or colored."

BIG THINK IN ATLANTA

When season tickets for the Atlanta Falcons went on sale, the management had to face the standard beef of football fans. All the first-day buyers—16,000 of them—expected seats on the 50-yard line and were not to be placated with blarney about mathematical impossibilities. For a while the Falcons toyed with the idea of trying to enlarge the number of 50-yard-line seats by making two fields instead of one. The stadium in Atlanta is



circular—and the idea was to have one field running east and west, the other north and south. The fields would be switched every quarter, or at least at half time, with the spectators keeping their seats. For part of each game, the reasoning went, more people would be in the desirable locations. But nobody could figure a way to make it work. Rankin Smith, Falcons' owner, explained: "Having to hold up the game at the half to mark a new field would just take up too much time." If the fields were marked before the game, Smith said, it would

mix up the players, who might find themselves making a dogleg and scoring in the wrong end zone. It was a grand idea while it lasted, though.

THE BLISS BUSTERS

Golf instruction has progressed mightily since the days when a devotee could improve his game only by studying a book or taking lessons from a grumpy old Scot in knickers. Consider two new teaching devices. One is a portable video tape recorder, called the VR-7000, which will film a golfer's swing and play it back instantly. The other is golf's first correspondence course, offered by the Famous Golfers School of Marietta, Ohio. The cost of tuition ($499) at the Ohio institution includes an 8-mm. movie camera with zoom lens and a slow-motion projector. The student learns to hit a variety of shots by having himself filmed in action and then sending the reels off to Marietta, where they are examined by members of the school's faculty, pro golfers with teaching experience. The films are returned with a detailed critique plus a reel of some top tournament players demonstrating how the shot should be hit.

There is a danger, however, that these devices contain the seeds of their own destruction. The duffer lives in bliss who has never seen himself in action. He stays with the baffling game only because he thinks his form is probably just fine and lower scores will come with more frequent play. Allow the average amateur one good look and all his illusions could be shattered in a single screening.

FRENCH A LA MODE DE GREEN BAY

If some Milwaukee high school students speak their French with a Canadian accent and a notable emphasis on sporting imagery, the Green Bay Packers can claim the credit. In French-speaking Quebec, National Football League games are all the rage, and for the past five years Radio Canada's Channel 2 in Montreal has been carrying play-by-play and color commentary from south of the border. Some years ago Announcer Jean Seguin was approached just before a Green Bay-New York game in Milwaukee by a high school teacher carrying tapes and a tape recorder. He explained that he was having difficulty communicating with students enrolled in his French classes and thought by taping Radio Canada's French-language broadcast and then re-

continued



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playing it in class he could get through to his sports-minded scholars.

Seguin and the broadcasting team said fine. The teacher subsequently came back for more. The results had been wonderful, he said, but his students had memorized all the plays and he needed fresh material.

It is a pleasure to know that sports can be an effective teaching device, but what permanent use Milwaukee high-schoolers are going to be able to make of such phrases as *le ballon est échappé* (fumble), *hors bloquer* (off tackle) and *le quart arrière est harcelé* (red-dogging) remains to be seen.

IMPERILED PAULINE

A golden eagle was widowed not long ago by someone who shot her mate. The gunman may not have known—or cared—that there are not many golden eagles left. Her nest, with two eggs in it, is in a cottonwood snag high on a precipice in the mountains near Carson City, Nev. The widow is trying to hatch the eggs, but it's doubtful she will ever see her eaglets. The nest is located just above a favorite swimming hole for nearby teenagers, and the surrounding area makes a pleasant ground for picnickers. Various people in the Carson City area are concerned about the eagle's predicament. Some local boy scouts have set up a guard along the dirt road leading to a spot where the nest can be seen. They ask people not to go too near, lest Pauline be seared off from any attempt to hatch her eggs. They call her Pauline because of the perils she has been through and those that may lie ahead. She has to leave the nest to look for food, and sometimes she leaves simply because, like all her breed, she's shy of human beings. For some reason or other.

A ROOKIE WRITES

It may not have the drama of the Koufax-Drysdale approach, but Don Porter's way of discussing money has a stateliness that would do credit to John Maynard Keynes. Porter is a first baseman and outfielder from Mississippi State who was offered a contract in the Houston Astros' farm system. He wrote to Pat Gillick of the Astro front office, saying in part, "What salary do I desire for the 1966 season? Pat, I feel I would be unduly presumptuous to answer that question *ad hoc*. . . . Presumably, you are primarily guided by an overall budget, the law of diminishing returns and an individual assessment of worth in each case. . . . Realistically, I'm guided by those same principles. . . . I must weigh the question of my worth and decide where the principle of diminishing returns asserts itself in relation to my efforts and their rewards. Using this guideline, I conclude that what I have in mind is considerably more than your initial contract suggested."

Sad to report, the Astros said nope, and now Porter is an unemployed Keynesian first baseman.

MISCHIEF MASKERS

The national forest rangers have found a new way to thwart the compulsive pests who draw their own black hearts in red paint on rocks in the wilderness. In the Greenhorn District of Sequoia National Park the rangers are using a liquid plant food that stimulates the growth of lichen and moss on rocks. In no time at all it covers over with a permanent growth all the rude words and intertwined initials. The plant-food method is cheaper than sandblasting or painting over in colors to match the rock. The vandals may have been there—but the moss will hide their mischief.

THE SIX-SHILLING SCHUSS

The most exclusive ski club in the world is now preparing for its new season. Nearly five years old, it has so far admitted a total of only 90 members—some American, some New Zealanders, and none of them women. No woman is permitted within 600 miles of the area (because of "inadequate facilities"), and that sanction is enforced by the U.S. Navy. The sole fee is 84¢ or six New Zealand shillings for a life membership, and this is assessed mainly to defray cost of the club badge—a penguin wearing a red scarf, with the legend, "Scott Base Ski Club, Antarctica."

Besides being cheap and uncrowded, the ski area has other advantages. The rope tow, powered by a gun-carrier, is fast, snow is plentiful and dry and the nearest obstacle is 20 miles away.

THEY SAID IT

• Luther Lassiter, world pocket billiards champion, who claims he has never worked since he carried groceries for 8½¢ an hour when he was 15: "I like to ride bicycles, walk in the woods, just walk around, sit on the curb. Like the old Greeks, I want to contemplate life. Let the women do the work." **END**

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In Europe Corvette is a high-priced imported sports car.

Ah, the high-priced imported sports car! Mere mention of the phrase conjures visions of the exotic, the forbidden: of wild forays into the night; of secret agents and clandestine gatherings; of howling engines and winding roads. It must indeed rank as one of man's greatest desires, suppressed or otherwise.

Few, however, realize that Corvette is just such an animal. Some Europeans do, and gladly pay upwards of ten thousand dollars for one.

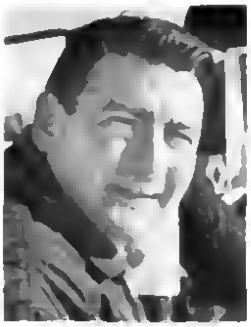
And frankly we don't blame them. These people have a deucedly sharp eye for Grand Touring machines, and they know Corvette compares feature for feature, spec for spec with Europe's finest.

In fact, with four wheel disc brakes, fully independent suspension and up to 425 horsepower available under the bonnet, we think the Corvette would be quite a buy at 10 thousand. At around five thousand, it's a steal. And that, duty-free, is about what it costs over here where it's built, depending on equipment.

Aren't you glad you live near the factory?

GM

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
MILWAUKEE



They're off! All the Robinsons are super skiers. Dad owns major interest in a ski lodge at Mt. Frederick, Michigan.

Sports Illustrated
APRIL 11, 1966

HOPES GO UP AND SOME



COME DOWN

The confused result of the Florida Derby inspired a few owners to dream of roses in Kentucky, but two old pros hold the trump cards **by WHITNEY TOWER**



Three days before last week's Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, Ohio sportsman John Galbreath picked up the telephone in his Miami house and called his contract jockey, Braulio Baeza, in New York. Word had reached him that Baeza, who had suffered two broken ribs in a fall at Aqueduct on March 22, was ready to go back to work and that, barring further discomfort, the brilliant Darby Dan Farm rider (*page 45*) might accept the mount on Abe's Hope in the Florida Derby. Galbreath, who has a horse of his own named Graustark (the Kentucky Derby favorite) for Baeza to ride this season, was understandably worried. "For heaven's sake, Braulio," he pleaded into the phone, "I don't want you taking any chances. Don't ride any horses until you feel 100%, recovered, and when you do ride again, watch what you're doing. Above all, don't get set down. Remember, there are some mighty important races coming up."

For Baeza, every $100,000 horse race is an important one — whether he is riding for Galbreath, John Doe or, in fact, for Robert Byfield and Joe Bartell. These two frustrated owners of Abe's Hope had watched their game colt lose a desperate stretch duel by a nose to Buckpasser in the now-famous betless Flamingo a month ago. When the horse's regular rider, apprentice Earlie Fires, was suspended last week, the colt's polo-playing trainer, Del Carroll, summoned Baeza. And, sore ribs or no sore ribs, Braulio responded. Appearing for duty with nearly half of his slender torso tightly taped, the Panamanian rode brilliantly — but, alas, carelessly.

In a pulsating, frantic finish that converted a race between a bunch of secondary contenders for the Triple Crown into a thrilling contest — one worthy of any Derby — Baeza drove Abe's Hope to victory by a neck over Williamston Kid, who, in turn, had barely a nose margin over Bold and Brave. Three-quarters of a length behind the Wheatley color-bearer came Sky Guy, a length in front of the favorite, Kauai King. It was a fine, tight finish; but few of the 25,341 observers realized that for the last eighth of a mile the race had devolved into a meaningless rough-house, with an assortment of leg-weary horses slamming into each other.

Bold and Brave was on hand as deputy for Buckpasser, whose recent quartercrack will force him to miss the Kentucky Derby as well. Trainer Eddie Neloy knew he probably was not saddling a fully equipped first-string sub, and as he accepted condolences on behalf of Buckpasser he

continued

Track attendants install Williamston Kid as official winner of the Florida Derby after stewards set Abe's Hope back to fourth place.

quipped, "This game is like golf. Every shot makes *somebody* happy."

Bold and Brave's shot in the Florida Derby did not carry far enough. As expected, he took the lead under Bill Shoemaker, and led by as much as five lengths on the backstretch. But, turning for home, weariness overtook the son of Bold Ruler, and the chase was on. Shoemaker clung to the inside, while just behind him Don Brumfield was trying in vain to slip through with Kauai King. On the outside of Shoe was Sky Guy, who had run a consistently steady race, while next to him, driving, was Abe's Hope. On the outside of all of them, well clear of trouble, was the 90-to-1 shot Williamston Kid, under Robert Louis Stevenson.

Leaving the eighth pole, Abe's Hope ducked in and bumped sharply against Sky Guy, knocking him off stride. The five horses drove furiously on to the wire, but just before Abe's Hope reached it he came in again, and again slammed against Sky Guy. As he did, Kauai King, who had fought his way into contention virtually on Bold and Brave's flanks, bore out. The two colts, Abe's Hope and Kauai King, put a perfect squeeze on Sky Guy and eliminated him completely from what surely would have been a second-place finish.

While this hit-or-miss game was going on, the far outside horse, Williamston Kid, had an unimpeded run into second place. But this long shot was about to benefit from the errors of others. Jim Combest on Sky Guy had no alternative but to claim foul against Baeza and Abe's Hope, and the claim was upheld. This moved Williamston Kid into the winner's circle (for the first time since last October in Chicago, when he beat Abe's Hope in the Juvenile at Hawthorne), and sent Bold and Brave from third to second. The offended Sky Guy went from fourth to third. Abe's Hope came down to fourth.

Baeza's case would normally have come before the stewards on Monday and he could have expected a five-day suspension, beginning on the Tuesday. But Braulio has an important date with John Galbreath and Graustark at Keeneland this Saturday, so he went to the stewards and requested an immediate hearing. The stewards found him guilty and gave him his five days. Sore ribs, hurt feelings and the loss of $8,340 in purse money notwithstanding, Baeza will be in Derby Dan silks this Saturday, the day his suspension ends. John Galbreath breathed a mighty sigh of relief.

If the result of the Florida race was supposed to bring the Kentucky Derby picture into clearer focus, something went drastically wrong. Abe's Hope probably was the best horse, but he has still officially won only one of eight starts this year. And not too much can be said for any of the others. The time for the mile and an eighth was a very poor 1:50 3/5. Yet, because of the close finish, there will be a bunch of happy owners strutting proudly about for the next month, clinging to the hope that in four weeks a mediocre racehorse can be transformed into a Kentucky Derby champion.

Take the Williamston Kid faction, for example. The colt is co-owned by Trainer Jim Bartlett and Paul F. Ternes, president of Standard Steel Treating Co. in Detroit. They have had a 10-year partnership that has yielded a lot of fun but little profit. "Two years ago," said Jim Bartlett after winning the Florida Derby, "I was talking on the phone to my breeder friend E. K. Thomas in Paris, Ky. I'd had a little luck with sons of Piet, and Thomas told me he had a Piet yearling. He said the price was $5,000 and if the colt wasn't just like he described him to me, all I had to do was send him back and the deal was off. I liked what I heard and bought him for $5,000 sight unseen." Co-owner Ternes smiled through this explanation and joined Bartlett in a happy cry of "On to the Kentucky Derby."

The Abe's Hope people, after such harrowing experiences in both the Flamingo and Florida Derby, might be excused if they never stabled in the Sunshine State again. But they are not giving up. Their colt, a son of Better Bee purchased in a four-horse package deal last August from Illinois Racing Commissioner William Miller, is as game as any horse in training. What makes him worthy of Derby consideration is that he finishes well and appears to like a distance. Mike Ford, the Omaha manufacturer who owns Kauai King, is not ready to turn his back on a Triple Crown challenge either. "We'll take our colt to Bowie next," he says, "and then to Kentucky."

While these people were pondering the futures of their colts—and while the Phippses were trying to regroup a stable of 3-year-olds that once looked as unbeatable as the teams from Calumet of 10 and 20 years ago—the real Derby in-



Should his filly, Moccasin, go against the boys in the Derby? Bull Hancock waits to decide.

terest was narrowing down to two old professionals, ready and waiting at Keeneland. In one corner was John Galbreath, his undefeated (five for five) Graustark recovered from a bruised heel and set for a six-furlong sharpener this Saturday. In the other corner was cagey Bull Hancock, owner of undefeated (eight for eight) Moccasin, champion 2-year-old filly of 1965. Between the two of them Graustark and Moccasin could elevate the 92nd Kentucky Derby from a depressing scramble into an epic battle. But there are some big ifs.

Last week, with Galbreath on hand, Graustark had his final workout at Hialeah and was, according to his proud owner, "a joy to behold, running through the slop." The next morning Trainer Lloyd Gentry fixed a tight skullcap on Graustark's head, and the son of Ribot was walked up the ramp of an ancient Southern Airways Transport C-46 for the $3,000, five-hour charter flight of 900 miles to Lexington. Galbreath clambered up the ramp after his prized possession, walked to the front of Graustark's tight box stall and patted his handsome head. "All ashore who plan to go ashore," said the pilot. Galbreath took a last look at his horse and said, "He's got a lot of sense and a very inquiring eye." Later, when the subject of Hancock's filly was brought up, Galbreath said matter-of-factly, "I don't think Bull will run her in the Derby when there are all those other opportunities."

Nobody knows whether Moccasin will run in the Kentucky Derby—including Bull Hancock himself. Bull is a practical man, as well as a genius with horses. But he is also a Kentuckian, and Kentuckians know that there is only one Derby. Hancock's Claiborne Farm, in Paris, Ky., has been the most successful stud farm for many years. "We've bred some awfully good mares," says Bull. "Including Delta, Doubledogdare, Misty Morn, High Voltage and Vagrancy, just to name a few. In all honesty, I have to put Moccasin ahead of all of those, and also ahead of any mare I've ever seen."

Last fall, after Moccasin's victory in the Gardenia (just before she bucked her shins and skipped The Garden State), Bull Hancock had a few things to say about fillies racing colts. "Except at the end of a season, when there is nothing ahead but a long rest, I'm against it. No matter how great Moccasin may be next spring I would not point her for the Kentucky Derby. I honestly believe she might be able to beat the best colts, but in getting her ready for this tough race early in May we might easily be jeopardizing her future. She has a great series of filly races to aim at, and if she went in the Derby she might never be the same racemare again. In other words, I'm against sending her against colts in May, but if she holds her current form I would definitely plan to see her against colts later in the season."

That was in November at Garden State. In January, at Hialeah, with the Derby only four months away, Hancock was having second thoughts: "I'm a Kentuckian, you know, and I'd rather win the Kentucky Derby than all the rest of the races in the world put together. So, if I really thought that Moccasin had the best chance to win the Derby, it's possible that I might give her a shot at it. If she won it I wouldn't care if she never won another race in her career."

With only a month to go, Bull Hancock was still pondering the question last week. He knew that Buckpasser would be missing at Churchill Downs and that the two best colts in California this winter, Boldnesian and Saber Mountain, would also skip the trip to Louisville. He knew the results of every major 3-year-old race in America this year and had received reports on how every Derby candidate was training. Was he ready to decide? "The key to what we'll do with Moccasin is that we'll watch Graustark." said Hancock at his farm. "Everything tells me not to run. If Graustark comes up to the Derby like I think he will, we won't run. But if he stumbles along the way, we're in a position to move. There is a rule of thumb, you know—if a colt is able to work a mile in 1:40 by April 1 he'll be able to run a mile and a quarter on the first Saturday in May. Well, our filly is ready to do this. Last week she worked a mile at Hialeah in 1:41⅘s and all we can do now is keep on training her and watch the rest of them—but especially Graustark."

As he prepares to wait out the month of April at Claiborne Farm, Bull Hancock is looking forward to Moccasin's first start (on the same card as Graustark but in a different race) this Saturday at Keeneland. Bull remembers the fate of other fillies in the Kentucky Derby. Of 1,005 starters in 91 Derbies, only 29 have been fillies. Just one, Regret, won—in 1915. But all this form, past and present, may be thrown out when Hancock reminds himself, "I'm a Kentuckian." **END**



Will his colt, Graustark, race back to form at Keeneland? John Galbreath sees him off, hopefully.

KIDS WHO BOOM IN THE SPRING

Any major league rookie who is not hopelessly incompetent brings forth a barrage of huzzahs and overstatements. And why not? In baseball now it is the time when all things are forever possible

by TOM C. BRODY

For major league baseball clubs this is the happy season. Old bone chips lie abandoned on the operating-room floor; old jaws are firm with determination to lay off bad pitches; heretofore unknown team spirit has owners, managers and clubhouse boys aquiver with anticipation. But the biggest reason of all for this cockeyed optimism—the kind that makes anything seem possible—can be found in the rookies.

Take, for instance, the young man on the opposite page, who has just unloaded on some poor, unsuspecting pitcher's fast ball. The sportswriters have already decided that he is going to be the 1966 Rookie of the Year, and he has the Cincinnati Reds in such a happy state that they have revamped their infield to fit him into the lineup. Tommy Helms is his name, and he was a shortstop in the minors but the Reds have moved him to second base. Pretty big move. They pushed last year's All-Star second baseman, Pete Rose, to third and made an outfielder-first baseman of last year's third baseman, Deron Johnson, who led the National League in runs batted in. Helms, 25 next month, hit a solid .319 for San Diego last year and, while he does not yet remind you of Bill Mazeroski in the field, he will scratch, brawl, crawl and, if need be, bleed from the eyes to make the play.

As for the young man throwing in the picture below, he is a New York Yankee. In past epochs, when the Yankees needed a new hero, someone would push a button and out would pop a DiMaggio or a Mantle or a Ford, and that pretty well took care of the pennant. Of course, that was before baseball adopted a share-



Bobby Murcer, here pivoting deftly on a double play, is 19, but the Yankees need a new shortstop. More and more, Murcer looks like the man.

the-wealth policy that undid the Yankee monopoly, but there's life in the old hutton yet. Bobby Murcer may not be the finished product the Yankees used to get from their farms, but at 19 he is good enough to make Phil Rizzuto, best of all Yankee shortstops, say, "I'm glad he wasn't around when I came up." Another year in the minors would be good for Murcer, but what are you going to do with a boy who hits near .300 in spring training and protects vast areas on the left side of the infield? "I guess you play him," says Manager Johnny Keane.

These are not the only exciting rookies. Consider Houston's Sonny Jackson. He is 21, although he would have a hard time convincing a bartender of that, and it may take Astro fans a while to realize that the baby-faced kid with the glasses is the shortstop, not the bat boy. Sonny is not a hitter of power, but the Pacific Coast League pitchers who faced him last season felt as though they were being bludgeoned to death with feathers. His .330 average at Oklahoma City came on 193 hits, most of them singles, since Jackson stole 52 bases, they were singles with a sting, a Maury Wills sting.

Then there is Larry Jaster, a left-handed pitcher who came up to the sagging St. Louis Cardinals last September, started three games and finished three games and won three games, which is somewhat more than is expected of a 21-year-old. Now Manager Red Schoendienst goes around muttering something about 20 wins this year.

The Boston Red Sox, trying to force-feed themselves into a new era, stated emphatically that Joe Foy, big and agile and Minor League Player of the Year in 1965, was going to be their third baseman. Then along came George Scott, a big and possibly more agile third baseman, who led the Eastern League in about everything last year. Scott complicated things, but it's the sort of complication the Red Sox haven't had in years, and they like it. A similar situation exists in the California Angels' outfield, where three youngsters—Ed Kirkpatrick, Rick Reichardt and Jackie Warner—are trying to force their way into the lineup.

Three new faces in the *same* outfield? Not even Anaheim is ready for that. Still, spring is spring, and hope is hope. **END**



The Reds revamped their infield to find a spot at second base for rookie Tommy Helms

THE CELTICS STRETCH AN ERA

On the verge of elimination from the pro playoffs for the first time in eight years, Boston knocked out Cincinnati and then easily whipped Philadelphia in the opening game of the Eastern finals

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

From a locker room in Cincinnati last week, following one of the very few games the Boston Celtics have *had* to win over the past 10 years, came these remarks.

"We're old guys. We can't keep this up too much longer."

"Thirty-two. I'm gettin' up there. It's tougher now."

"Sunday afternoon games after Saturday night games—those are the killers."

Take all of this with salt grains. The talk was by Celtics. So was the victory that night. For a while it had looked as if the era of the winningest team in professional sport was about to end. The Celtics had won seven straight world championships but they were behind two games to one in the Eastern Division semifinal playoffs against the Cincinnati Royals. One more loss and it would be all over.

Boston had struggled all season. Advancing age, the loss of hard-driving, offensive-minded corner man Tom Heinsohn and too much dependence upon defense were factors, and had finally been unable to win its own division for the first time in a decade. Knowing that pride had forced the Celtics to go all out to win and that the players might be emotionally and physically debilitated, Cincinnati was eager to take them on. And if the Royals couldn't do the job, Philadelphia was in the wings for the Eastern finale.

Cincinnati had coasted at the end and was fresh for the playoffs. The Royals had a coach whose job was in danger and players named O. Luke, Odie and Happy to make it even more interesting. But they found out that some old dogs never die, they just lie there and kick hell out of you.

Old-dog, living on defense and pride, is what the Celtics have been for some time. Gone are the explosive bursts, sustained for up to five minutes, that blew



Red Auerbach get[illegible]nd light for his [illegible]tory cigar from Massachusetts Gov[illegible]r Volpe. Boston Mayor Col[illegible] had struck the first match

opponents off the court. "Now," as one longtime Boston observer says, "the bursts stop a lot sooner."

To document fully the Celtics' slide this year, one has to go beyond old age (Satch Sanders is the only regular starter under 30) and the absence of Heinsohn. Boston's average winning spread per game in the good years once reached almost 10 points through an 80-game schedule. This year it was down to 4.4. Obviously, the Celtics have been increasingly dependent upon a defense which is just not that good anymore. More significantly, the rest of the league has come up a lot more than Boston has come down. (The Celtics won 54 games this season, more than in three of their championship years.) "Man, I wish people would realize the league is so much better now," says Sanders. "Philadelphia this season is the equal of any of our great teams," says K. C. Jones.

Trying to win the regular season and a much-needed rest before the playoffs, the Celtics pushed themselves to the brink. They won their last six in a row but Philadelphia won 11 straight and the division by a game. Cincinnati, meanwhile, dropped six of its last seven, obviously relaxing. This is what may account for Boston's getting off to bad starts in each of the first three playoff games, losing two and looking sluggish throughout.

"Discount this home-court business," Royal Coach Jack McMahon said then, when all games had been won by the visiting team. "During the season you let up away from home, figuring to make up your mistakes later. In the playoffs there is no later, so no slack-off."

Jerry Lucas was outplaying Bill Russell. Oscar Robertson was outplaying everybody and Happy Hairston was coming in to help win games like the Boston sixth men used to. After the second loss, at Boston, K. C., normally poker-faced, reticent and unemotional, cried in the locker room. John Havlicek said he felt "terrible pressure," and Russell moved solemnly, shrouded in gloom. The old champ was battered and staggering.

Then, by the afternoon of the fourth game, the atmosphere of despair had vanished. Call it second wind—or last wind—but the Celtics relaxed at their hotel in Cincy, Russell looking like a huge Dracula in his special-order black cape with the sleeves-within-sleeves. Some went to a movie, *The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World* ("Worst movie in the world," said Auerbach.) Confidence took over, the team ordered tickets for a fifth game in Boston.

Warm wishes came from the Royal fans. "Last game, Arnold." "You choke bums," and "Good old Celtics done shot their wad" in singsong as Auerbach came into Cincinnati Gardens. The Celtics spread a tomblike atmosphere through their dressing room, which is the sign that they are ready.

Auerbach started Havlicek instead of Willie Naulls, hoping for an early spurt, and the Celtics jumped to a quick lead for the first time in the series. They sustained a running game based on the best rebounding of the playoffs, taking advantage of a knee injury that limited Lucas' lateral movement. With great shooting from Sanders early and Sam Jones later, Boston took Cincinnati apart in the third quarter and won 120–103. It was the critical game.

Back in Boston the next day, at a short practice in the Cambridge YMCA, Russell was animated for the first time in the series. He was "the ball handler"—dribbling between his legs, passing behind his back, laughing in that high-pitched whinny. Auerbach, too, no longer possum-eyed, looked relieved. "I didn't want to end my career in Cincinnati," he said.

Despite a newspaper strike that hampered publicity, the Garden was sold out two hours after tickets went on sale. The corridor outside the Celtic dressing room was jammed before the game, while inside there was a little more movement, a little more talk, than at Cincinnati.

On the court Auerbach greeted Boston Mayor John Collins and Massachusetts Governor John Volpe and started Havlicek again. But the Celtics did not get off well this time. They trailed by eight early in the first quarter, muffing passes and letting Robertson have too much room. It was not until early in the second period that they caught up. But when they did, it was with a sense of not looking back. Sam Jones hit two jumpers at the end of the half and two more to start the third quarter, pushing the Boston lead from three points to eight. Cincinnati never came back. The Celtics won 112–103, it was still an era.

Two minutes from the end Mayor Collins lit Auerbach's cigar, and the crowd went wild. Too wild. One overzealous supporter almost got a punch in the mouth for his happy rough-up job on the coach. Auerbach's insistence afterward that "it was just a semifinal playoff—why all the excitement?" did not keep a cast of thousands out of the dressing room. Red forgot it had been a long *time* since Boston had seen a semifinal playoff. "First time we've had to do this," said Sam Jones. "At least we ran better the last two games," said Havlicek. "That—and Russell."

Havlicek had a point. In the fourth quarter Cincinnati was rallying from 12 points back and seemed on the verge of something big. But every time the lead dropped to six, the Royals faltered. The reason—it has been the same for 10 years—was Russell. He was clearing the defensive board brilliantly, blocking movement, even driving on offense and dominating that board, too. Cincinnati could not cope with him.

Two days later, in the first game of the Eastern finals, Philadelphia found the whole Boston team too much to cope with. Breezing for the last 10 minutes, the Celtics won easily 115–96. The 76ers were learning about old dogs, too. **END**



For Bill Russell the win brought exhaust



A straight left Clay [illegible] right lands flush on the chin of Chuvalo, whose best reach [illegible]

A BATTLE OF THE LIONHEARTED

There was supposed to be a little dog in Cassius Clay, a bull in George Chuvalo. What came out of their bout for "The People's Championship" was a feeling that both could hold their own on any street **by GILBERT ROGIN**

Mitchell Chuvalo, age 4, was going to attend his first prizefight, and his mother was telling him what to expect. "Not only is Daddy going to hit Mr. Clay," she said, "but Mr. Clay is going to hit Daddy (*see cover*)." During the fight Irving Engerman, who wears a big red M on his sleeve to let the people know he is George Chuvalo's manager, shouted to George. "Mitchell's here. Make him proud of you." Mitchell shouted, "Daddy crush Mr. Clay like a banana." After the fight, photographers shot Mitchell with his father, whose vast, faintly cherubic countenance looked, as was written, like it was made up of a number of driving-range golf balls.

Then Mort Greenberg, a friend of the family, drove Mitchell home. In the car the boy said, "Mort, who won the fight?" Mort replied, "The judges said Mr. Clay won, but we know in our hearts—" and Mitchell began to cry. Mort tried to cheer him up, but Mitchell was inconsolable. "I bet one of my neighbors $5 and another neighbor $15," he said, "and I don't have the money to pay them." Said Mort, "I thought you were worried because Daddy lost the decision." "I win!" Mitchell said, brightening. "They bet me Daddy would be knocked out."

This was the only happy ending of the night for the Chuvalo family, but, although George won only two of the 15 rounds according to the three officials, it was one of his best losses. In fact, it was nearly as good as his loss to Floyd Patterson a year ago, which students of Chuvalo's career consider to be the very finest of his 17 defeats. "We don't fight nothing but masterpieces," says Chuvalo's trainer, Theodore McWhorter.

Fortunately, Chuvalo is resilient. When, following the fight, he was asked if there was anybody around who could beat Clay, he said, "I think George Chuvalo can beat him." When asked what his plans were, he said, "Keep training. Keep fighting. What the hell." The next day in his hotel room overlooking Lake Ontario, he said further, "It's only the



Well below Clay's midsection, Chuvalo sinks a left hook. Low blows, and they were countless, constituted his main offense against the champ

little things that count in boxing. The difference between mediocrity and greatness really isn't that much. I know I can fight better. I want to be the best I can be. When I retire I want to feel I was the best I could be." To which his wife Lynne added. "I know my husband can be the greatest fighter in the world, but I'd like to have him pick up a little of Clay's polish."

Heretofore, Chuvalo has regarded polish as unbecoming to a fighter. As he once said, "In a fight between a lion and a Christian, I'd rather be the lion." Undeniably, the metaphor does not apply to Muslims.

Last week against Cassius Clay, Chuvalo was far tougher, more persevering (and more unwary) than any lion, and it was these attributes which made the fight—which was neither as bad as many had predicted, nor as good as many have reported—at all rewarding. Its qualities, however, were spuriously enhanced by the crowd, which roared at Chuvalo's misses, both near and far; in much the same fashion as the comic content of *My Mother, the Car* improved by canned laughter.

What the fight lacked was essential, the real possibility that Chuvalo could win. If you knew that the odds were 7 to 1 against the toad becoming a prince, who would keep reading, much less get in bed with it? The only question was whether Clay would be able to knock Chuvalo down and *or out*, which was admittedly intriguing but beside the point. In fact, as Lloyd Percival, the director of Toronto's Fitness Institute and the latest to try his hand at remaking Chuvalo, says, "George's indestructibility is a negative virtue." Because Clay did not knock George down, the conclusion has been arrived at that Clay has no punch. This is unreasonable, for in 48 fights over 10 years Chuvalo has never been on the floor. Let Percival explain: "Chuvalo has a widespread stance, a strong, flexible neck, good thick bones in the head, and his pool of equilibrium must be deep." Or, in the words of Angelo Dundee, Clay's manager, "Anyone who weighs over 200 pounds can punch. I don't care if it's a broad."

The fight was billed as being between Muhammad Ali, The People's Champion, and George Chuvalo, The Canadian Champion. The only heavyweight champion in the ring was Gene Kiniski, a wrestler who got an introduction. As Merv McKenzie, the Ontario commissioner, kept saying, "There is no organization as such that recognizes Clay as champ. He's the people's choice, that's all."

Which must be news to Clay. But an almost stifling aura of bonhomie enveloped Toronto last week. The provincial sportswriters righteously lined up behind Clay—as freethinking Canadians they had no quarrel with them Viet Congs, either. "Everybody has been so nice to me here," murmured Clay effulgently. "It's just not the atmosphere for my vicious predictions. George is a nice fella and has been quiet about politics and religion."

Indeed, George had hardly any words at all, fighting or otherwise. However, as the night of the fight approached, he

continued

allowed that, to him, "Clay's not a person anymore. Just an it." With all this lack of hostility in the air, it was not surprising that during the referee's instructions Clay came within 5/16 of an inch of kissing Chuvalo.

Nonetheless, a crowd of 13,540, which paid a Canadian-record $150,000, turned out in the Maple Leaf Gardens, where the ring announcer kept it posted on the score of a hockey game between the Kitchener Rangers and the Toronto Marlboros and pleaded with it "to please refrain from smoking as much as possible so that you and the television audience will be able to view the main bout." But then, Toronto is a town where it's considered sinful to publish newspapers on Sunday.

The fight itself was chiefly memorable for Clay's outrageous conduct in the early going and the permissiveness of the referee, who officiated in street clothes, his shirt sleeves rolled to his elbows as though he were about to do a hit of honest work. In the first few rounds Clay stood stock still on occasion with his arms raised, as though posing for a chest X ray, and invited Chuvalo to hang him to the body. Indeed, he exhorted the challenger for the People's Championship to hit him harder. The most visible effect of these blows was that they pulled Clay's trunks down, revealing his bright-red protector. Later on, Clay made a lame attempt at explaining his behavior. "If you try to get out of the way of all of them," he said, "you get tired. And the man that throws the most punches that mean nothing is in the most trouble. You get the science in that?" No. Nor did Cap'n Sam Saxon, Clay's rosy-cheeked bodyguard and intimate, who might have been expected to fathom his strange motives. "That shakes me up to see that," Cap'n Sam said. "I don't believe in that."

"You can't toy and percolate," said Angelo Dundee, shaking his head. "It was a sweat job. When you fight a guy that don't fall down. . . . I told him in the corner it was bad psychology, that he was going to hurt himself. 'Stay in the center of the ring,' I told him. 'Keep him turning. But if you want to lose your title, keep on doing what you're doing.' I was afraid he was going to get hit in the pit of the spine and be immobilized. Immobilized! I'm getting to be a real language expert. Why he does it is beyond me. It's bizarre. I've never seen a human being like him. But he listened to me tonight better than in any other fight. He changed gears, which he didn't do with Patterson."

The referee, a clothing salesman name of Jackie Silvers, bemusedly allowed Chuvalo to hit Clay low countless times with what Chuvalo's sparring partner, Hubert Hilton, calls "anywhere punches"; Silvers' first perceptible warning came in the 12th round. His explanation was that the blows were inadvertent, integral to Chuvalo's style, of little consequence, and Clay was not making any beefs. (However, Clay said afterward that the foul punches were the only ones that hurt.) This reasoning did not impress Dundee any more than it would have impressed John Stuart Mill. Angelo kept yelling at Silvers from the corner, "You're a hell of a man. You're a stand-up Johnny. I'd like to have you on my team. You're a creep."

Indeed, one can be carried away by illogic in this game just as readily as in picking horses or wives. For example, there are those who claim that, although he may have won but two rounds, the fight was actually much closer, as Chuvalo "was doing something" in each round. Trainer McWhorter is one of the foremost proponents of this kind of wishful thinking. "It really could have been a draw," he said. "George was really out there every trip." Which has some truth in it but, fairly or not, boxing is scored by rounds as assuredly as presidents are selected by the votes of the Electoral College.

Clay wholly dominated the fight. He wore Chuvalo's face on the end of his glove. Although Clay threw all kinds of punches every which way, his most effective weapon was a straight left, which came too fast for Chuvalo to cuff aside with his right hand, as he was able to do with Ernie Terrell's jab last November. In some rounds, like the fifth, Clay was "cooking" on Chuvalo with it, or punching with all his might, so that it could no longer really be called a jab, in others he was hanging it out there to keep Chuvalo occupied, and in the second round he lightly rapped on Chuvalo's forehead with it, as though he were knocking at a door. However, Chuvalo is so resolute that only twice in the fight was Clay able to back him up.

Chuvalo, who seems to bring out the animal similes in everyone, has often been called a bull. This upsets McWhorter. "Because he looks like a bull you want him to fight like a bull," he says. "Everyone expects too much of this kid." What Chuvalo is, actually, is a stand-up counterpuncher, and he likes nothing better than a guy who comes to him, such as Doug Jones, whom he knocked out. Against Clay, however, Chuvalo had to press forward, for the most part throwing great, lunging, solitary and infrequent left hooks. Chuvalo loves to hook. It has been said that if he were hit over the head with a pipe in a dark alley he would turn around and throw a hook. Unfortunately, Chuvalo does not throw enough of them.

"Chuvalo's main problem is the concept of catching his prey," says Lloyd Percival. "He always visualizes himself standing over a man . . . or else raining blows on him in close, where he feels confident, where the problems are less complicated, but never setting him up. The most important thing for Chuvalo to get is an accurate mental picture of Chuvalo. Clay has developed an image of himself that has helped him immeasurably."

Except for the last few rounds, Chuvalo concentrated mainly on the body or near there, because that's where he naturally lands, and because there was this cockamamie theory that Clay had a bit of kiyoodle in him, and that he might not like it down there. Well, not only did Clay prove once more how many splendors he has as a boxer, but he showed he could take a punch and not look for the exit. Says Percival: "Fighters shouldn't have doors to open. They should be irrevocable."

Clay certainly had enough excuses to fall back on if he wanted to. A couple of days before the fight he was lying on his bed in the West Point Motor Inn—which, as has been suggested, was a rather inappropriate choice for his headquarters—moaning low. Above his head a landscape depicting snowcapped mountains and a trout stream hung askew; on the next bed Cap'n Sam was perusing the Bible; Clay's brother Rahman was doing deep knee bends nearby.

"They leadeth me into Toronto, Canada," Clay was saying. "They maketh me fight out of the country. They leadeth me down the path of bad publicity. I shall be bewailed in the history of sport forever. The sports fan shall follow me all the days of my life. . . .

"All this is child's play," he continued,

continued



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three-quarters of an hour later. "I need some test harder than this to test me. A den full of poisoned rattlesnakes couldn't shake me. Allah would make the rattlesnakes' jaws lock. They'd have to tie me up in the hot sun in the den with the rattlesnakes, let them crawl all around me, take some boiling water and throw me in it, and that wouldn't scare me. Allah would cool it. This stuff ain't nothing . . ."

Following the fight, Clay was relatively speechless. When Chris Dundee, Angelo's brother, visited him in his darkened dressing room, he groaned, "Don't talk. Let me rest, please." And he called for three bottles of soda pop. As he said later, "I was whipped." Indeed, he was exhausted, his hands were swollen, and he was sore around the left side and back, where Chuvalo had pounded him. McWhorter has said, portentously, "All of them collapse in the shower." And if they only did it in the ring, where it counts, Chuvalo would have a million dollars. Instead of returning to the West Point that night, Clay slipped off to recuperate in a hidey-hole. There was no one in his motel room after the fight but us Muslims, including Minister Lewis, who was a Calypso singer but now does little numbers like *The White Man's Heaven Is the Black Man's Hell.*

In place of Allah, Chuvalo looks to Lloyd Percival to show him the light and the way. It is Percival's contention that even the greatest athletes do not achieve their full potential, and it is his intention to help them realize it. Gordie Howe is his prize pupil.

Percival feels that, of all sports, boxing and hockey have the most primitive training methods. For example, he says, "The idea that a fighter has to pace himself is nonsense. A man can punch continuously for 15 rounds if properly conditioned." He also believes that eating a steak prior to a fight is nutritionally unsound. Chuvalo had broiled filet of sole before confronting Clay.

"Chuvalo is a perfect project," says Percival, who has put him through all sorts of tests. "We see nothing physically that could hinder this man from becoming the world champion. Chuvalo has a great deal of residual tension around the shoulders, and he has done too much biceps work. Because of his shoulder development, he feels cumbersome. He is amazed because he can see an opening but isn't quick enough to take advantage of it. We have to stretch his biceps, make him flexible. He's got to be steel inside but jelly outside.

"George also has the wrong image for winning fights—walking in, accepting punishment. He can be taught to hit a bit harder, move a bit more. The idea of people being born punchers is nonsense. It's a developable factor. It's not necessary to take so many punches. There's no point to it, like Jim Taylor's insistence on running over his tacklers. There are bulls that beat matadors, but they are very agile bulls." Lots of luck.

Clay is in no need of luck, for he is supposed to fight Henry Cooper in Toronto on May 14 or in England on May 24. He knocked Cooper out in five in 1963. Apparently, Clay will not be called to arms before July, if he is not already in jail for nonpayment of back alimony. Poor Ali! Drew (Bundini) Brown, his former trainer, hocked his championship belt. The Muslims won't let him drive his Cadillac anymore. His chauffeur and valet seem to have been excommunicated or something—the chauffeur for allegedly trying to peddle Elijah Muhammad's hook in the ring after the Patterson fight, the valet for allegedly messing around.

According to Bob Arum of Main Bout Inc., which had the ancillary rights to the last one, the Clay-Cooper match will take place at 5 p.m. EST and be beamed to Europe via Telstar. Says Arum: "Clay in the U.S. is a dead piece of merchandise. He's through as far as big-money closed circuit is concerned. If we can, we'll try to put the fight on home TV here. If not, we'll forget about it. The money we made on this one certainly wasn't worth the effort." This was about $150,000 gross, compared to the record $4.5 million for the second Patterson-Liston fight in 1963, which speaks eloquently for itself.

Clay knows he has plumb talked himself out of the riches of this world, but he evidently gets some kind of sustenance from his role as the Great Sacrificer (*page 89*): "I'm the first bold Negro in the million-dollar bracket," he said the other day, his nostrils flaring. "I sacrifice in order to show other Negroes that they're not free. The white Americans had to sacrifice to get a pretty America with air conditioning, and when the male bee mates with the female bee he goes off and dies. The male bee has given his life so the little bees may live." **END**

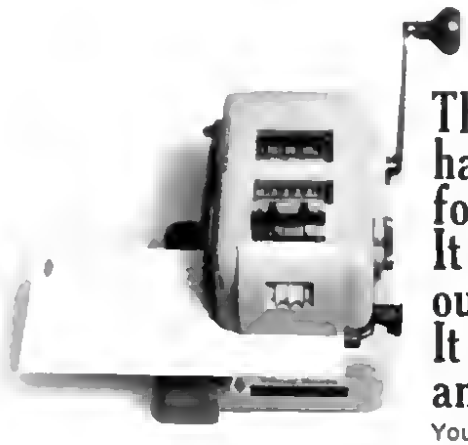


At pre-fight interviews Clay [illegible] in a tuxedo, hides pain of a bruising fight that is evident in the swollen face of Chuvalo.



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THEY ARE NOT JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE

A good jockey, as Eddie Arcaro was always saying with due modesty, is also a good athlete and not just a handy chauffeur. The now-retired master, probably the most skillful ever to ride in this country, was also an expert theorist on his craft. Writing in this magazine nine years ago, Arcaro said, "If generalship is 80% of race riding, just plain riding ability must account for the remaining 20%. No two jocks can have exactly the same style. The greatest fault with American jocks is that too many of them are style-conscious and want to look pretty at all times. This is 100% wrong."

What Arcaro would agree is 100% right is that a great jockey is one who best correlates his individual style with the ability of the horse he is riding. All the top ones have a fine sense of balance, whether they are hard-driving jocks, like recently retired Johnny Longden (*opposite*), or long-holding, sit-still riders, like Bill Shoemaker and Braulio Baeza, who are seen on the following pages. Another critical requisite is known as good hands: the sensitivity to perceive through the reins clues to a horse's potential at a given moment, so that the rider can translate into action the tactics agreed upon with the trainer before the race.

In contrast to the style of European riders, who have grown up in a tradition of long stirrups (and long apprenticeships in horsemanship), U.S. jockeys ride with extremely short irons. "Take an aggressive rider like Manuel Ycaza, for example," says Trainer Hirsch Jacobs. "He's probably not a 'foul' rider by intent, but he rides so short that some of his horses go where they want to, and it often appears that Manuel has no control over them. Some jockeys ride short because they think it looks cute. If they win a few they pull up another notch."

Most observers agree that Longden, who had the quick reflexes of a Pony McAtee or a Don Meade and a special ability to sense the break at the starting gate, played a vital role in changing U.S. riding tactics. Longden rejected the European-style "waiting game" in favor of sprinting out of the gate and killing his opposition with speed. Often, too, he fooled rivals with a false early pace. Today's best-known practitioners of this style are Wally Blum and Bobby Ussery. In almost complete contrast are Shoemaker and Baeza. The latter (*page 44*) gets the most out of his horses with a patient, perfectly timed hand ride rather than by dependence on the whip. "Ninety percent of the time," says Shoe, "Baeza is better off because of it, because 90% of the time horses run their best without a whip."

Shoemaker's own assets are considerable. The little man, who seems to transmit his confidence to his mounts, says, "I ride with a longer hold because that way I get a horse in hand, running against the bit. I can feel him and he can feel me. I think a long hold enables both horse and rider to relax more. I also ride fairly short, because I have better purchase that way."

If Shoemaker rarely stirs on a horse, Bill Hartack rolls and pitches constantly, trying to synchronize with the animal's stride. To those who claim he looks like a man struggling to stay aboard, he says, "Looking good on a horse would take away my most important asset, which is to hustle. And, contrary to public belief, over 75% of the horses don't run free and clear. I get results by hustling in my own way."

Form aside, in the fury of a stretch drive all the top jocks would probably agree with Arcaro, when he said, "The guy who can drive at the finish is the important guy. I'll sacrifice my best form to make sure I *get* there."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER





Shoemaker takes a long hold, sits "light," rarely moves.



Constantly in motion, Hartack seems to dominate his mounts.



Extremely aggressive, Ycaza rides high on horse's withers.




12
12

TALL IN THE SADDLE

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

Braulio Baeza walked out of the jockeys' room into the morning sunlight. Wearing light-blue, tight-fitting slacks and a fresh T shirt, he looked more fragile than the exercise boys and the other jockeys who lounged here and there among the groups of horsemen. Baeza stopped beside his agent, Lenny Goodman, who was holding a marked-up overnight entry sheet.

"You know this one," Goodman said, pointing to the name of the horse Baeza would ride in the first race that afternoon. Goodman had just come from the racing secretary's office, where he had crossed out the names of the horses that had been scratched. Baeza nodded impassively at each name.

"You know this one," Goodman said, running down the list with the tip of his pencil. "You know this one."

At one point Baeza shook his head. "Maybe *you* know him," he said.

Goodman looked up at him briefly, then went on. A couple of other jockeys had joined them. "He talks pretty good now, huh?" a jockey said, grinning at Baeza.

Baeza smiled shyly.

"Sure, he talks fine," Goodman said, folding up the sheet and stuffing it into his hip pocket.

"You should have heard what he called his horse after he pulled him up in the sixth race yesterday," another jockey said. "Tell 'em, Braulio."

Baeza merely smiled. The other jockey said an indelicate phrase, and everybody laughed. Jockeys, like sailors in foreign ports, find it comical to teach four-letter words to those innocent of their meaning.

Baeza shook his head and laughed with the others. "That is not my kind of word," he said.

Erect though relaxed, Baeza wears the Darby Dan silks he will use in Louisville.

The jockeys were simply reviving a tired gag. It has been six years since Baeza (he is still "Beezer" to the $2 bettors) arrived in the U.S. from his native Panama. In that time he has acquired many of the fine points of the American idiom, delicate and otherwise, as well as the sort of Internal Revenue account toward which baseball and football players have been groping for many years. Based on the jockey's 10% share of the $2,582,702 he captured in purses to become the country's leading money winner, Baeza's 1965 income was more than a quarter of a million dollars.

As a rule, Baeza, who owns homes in Miami and Garden City, N.Y. (in addition to what he deprecatingly refers to as "a little box" in Panama), prefers to shuttle back and forth between tracks in Florida and New York. This spring, however, as the jockey for a chestnut colt named Graustark, he is also expected to play an important role in some races at Churchill Downs and Pimlico. Around the track most horsemen will tell you that Baeza's skills are commensurate with his earnings and that today, at 26, he is America's outstanding jockey.

"I've been saying for five years that he's the best," says Jimmy Conway, who used to train for John W. Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm.

"I'd say he's the best rider around today," Keene Daingerfield, a steward at Hialeah, says. "He's built just right for a jockey, and he always seems to be in rhythm with his mount."

It is one thing for trainers and stewards to admire Baeza's skill on a horse. It is another thing for American jockeys to praise a foreign-born rider who so efficiently cuts them off from the big purses. (The racial prejudice that has held back Negroes in other sports has been directed in riding against Latin-Americans by their peers.) Yet Willie Shoemaker, Baeza's most formidable rival among today's jockeys, is also among his admirers.

"He may be the best," Shoemaker says. "He doesn't flop all over a horse. He's calm and relaxed, and he seems to put this across to the horse he's riding."

Willie, of course, is talking about Baeza's style, one that, not surprisingly, is very similar to his own. Somehow Joe DiMaggio walking relaxed onto a baseball field, Sugar Ray Robinson into a ring or Bill Bradley onto a basketball court gave one a surer sense of excellence than armies of their contemporaries managed to convey in paroxysms of action. Braulio Baeza, guiding his horse around a paddock, draws the rapt attention of both artists and horseplayers.

At rest, Baeza truly rides tall in the saddle. While most jockeys slouch indolently or fiddle with the reins as their horses parade to the post, Baeza's seat suggests some lofty purpose. His long, faintly concave torso, astonishingly thin in profile, is given substance only when a breeze balloons out his silks. Helmet and cap, set squarely on his head, give his Oriental features a menacing cast. The apparent trace of Eastern blood mingling with Spanish and Indian strains was recognized by Panamanian horseplayers, who named him "Chino." Baeza at rest recalls to some people those World War II photographs of Japanese *Kamikaze* pilots awaiting the signal to take off on some sinister mission.

There is nothing sinister about Baeza's behavior, however, either on or off the track. He is one of the cleanest of riders, his occasional infractions contrasting with the record of delinquency set by, say, his countryman Manuel Ycaza. (He was guilty of careless riding in the Florida Derby last week. His horse, Abe's Hope, finished first but was set back to fourth.) And he is no more abusive to his mounts than to fellow riders. Once the gate bursts open he

continued




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slips down from his stately seat to merge his body with that of his mount. Sitting deeper than most other modern riders, he reminds oldtimers of the days before goggles became standard equipment, when a jockey used his horse as a shield against mud flung up by front-runners.

It is Baeza's relation to the horse, physical and otherwise, that forms the basis for the general esteem in which he is held at the track. The steward who believes that Braulio "is in rhythm with his mount" is echoed by Trainer Jimmy Conway, who says, alluding to Baeza's success with Chateaugay, "He just seemed to *fit* the horse." Baeza's way with a whip also adds to his reputation. He does not flail away, like a man beating a rug. This is not to say that he considers a whip merely the symbol of his trade, like a pointer in the hand of a softhearted schoolmarm. He is a wrist hitter, holding the whip vertically in his right hand and flicking at his mount to ask for an extra burst of speed. He will not use it on a fading horse simply to prove his stick-to-itiveness. "What is the sense of beating a tired horse?" he asks.

If there is a question about Baeza's stature around the track, it concerns his health. Some observers claim that he cancels his mounts more often and on shorter notice than any of the other leading jockeys. "It could be temperament," one racing writer says, "because the stewards are more lenient today than they used to be, and it's easier to beg off. But I think there's more to it than that."

Another recalls a day in 1964 when, after Baeza had canceled all his mounts in midafternoon, a rumor reached the press box that he had fainted. "By the time I got to the jocks' room Baeza was dressed to go home," this writer says, "but he looked like death warmed over. He leaned against his locker while he talked to me, as if he'd fall down if he didn't. He's usually sallow, but that time he was gray."

Baeza and his agent deny that he has ever been ill at the track. "You've seen him," Goodman says. "He's stripped down fine—5 feet 4½ and 112 pounds—to begin with. And he can lose five pounds on a tough, hot day. It drains a boy. He has to take off a few days now and then just to fill up again."

Outside forces combined to affect the state of Braulio's health in a very tangible manner this spring. He was thrown by a horse at Hialeah and knocked unconscious. Resembling anything but an invalid, he was back in the saddle again a couple of days later. Earlier, he had injured his foot when it was jammed between his mount and a heavy bar in the starting gate. His luck did not change when he flew to Aqueduct. He was aboard L. I. Miller's Sa Vet at the start of the seventh race there on March 22. The gate flew open. Sa Vet stumbled as she rushed out and Baeza was pitched over her head. At the hospital X rays disclosed that he had two fractured ribs.

"The ground broke from under the horse," Baeza said later from his hospital bed. "That sometimes happens with a fast starter like Sa Vet. I would have been all right, but she kicked me as she went past. The horse?" Baeza smiled a little wanly. "No, she didn't get hurt. She went on and finished third."

For Baeza it was not a laughing matter. Besides the wear and tear on his slight body, his injuries this spring have caused him to miss a number of big stakes races both in Florida and New York. Other jocks picked up the purses.

Baeza says little, either in his own defense or for any other reason. Those who don't know him—horseplayers, racing writers, even other jockeys—feel at first that his aloofness has its roots in a surly disposition. But he really is extremely shy and ill at ease in crowds. (Sitting on a horse in front of 40,000 people doesn't count.) The first instinct of the diffident is to withdraw. Only when Baeza has assured himself that his initial distrust is unwarranted will he respond, tentatively, to a stranger. Then an unfailing courtesy flows through his proud reserve. It is this tension between courtesy and reserve, both patently genuine, that causes people who are close to Baeza to speak of him with affection.

Recently a reporter followed Baeza into the jockeys' room. His locker stood in the most remote corner, a position symbolic, perhaps, of his isolation from the little men he rides against for a living. A pair of boots, polished and absurdly small, stood on a bench before the locker. Jockey silks hung from the walls in layers, like gaudy bird skins from the belt of an Amazonian Indian.

"They say you're a born rider, Braulio," the reporter said.

The jockey sat down on the bench. "I was born at a racetrack, almost, if that's what they mean," he said, his face relaxing into that shy smile. "My

continued



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grandfather was a jockey, and so was my father. When my father got too big to ride he trained horses, and he and my mother moved into a little apartment behind the barns at the old Juan Franco track in Panama City. There was racing at the track all year round. When the time came for me to be born they just got my mother out of the apartment and into the hospital in time. So I wasn't really born on the track."

Baeza has two brothers, one of whom also became a jockey. His brother soon outgrew the profession, but Braulio seemed to fit a horse from the beginning. As a little boy he rode the backs of his father's horses, his father holding the reins and walking along beside him. Soon he was on his own, exercising horses. When he was 11, his father put him on a horse in the starting gate. "The horse broke, but not me," Baeza admitted. "I went on my backside."

Despite such occasional humiliations, the elder Baeza was making a rider out of his little boy. The pride Braulio so obviously takes in his seat aboard a horse had its origin in those days. "Sit up straight!" his father used to yell at him.

The old Juan Franco track was a good, if hazardous, training ground, only three-quarters of a mile around, it was distinguished by sharp turns and the absence of a film patrol. A boy quickly learned to take care of himself.

Young Baeza's education was not confined to the track. At every opportunity he visited the local movie house, where a popular feature was the American newsreel. "They used to show a lot of American racing. Eddie Arcaro became my hero. He looked beautiful on a horse," said Baeza, the glow in his eyes making it an eloquent statement.

Baeza had ridden his first race in 1955. "There was racing only two days a week in Panama—Saturdays and Sundays—and once in a while on a holiday," he said. "You had to be a winner to make a living." In 1959 Baeza began to make a superior living, riding 309 winners on 112 racing dates. He won five and six races a day so often that it ceased to be news in the local papers. He also found a bride—at the track, of course. Her name was Carmen, and she came to work at the coorse, where her father was a trainer. Braulio and Carmen were married in 1959.

The life of a big fish in a little pond,

continued

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particularly when one is starting a family, is attractive to a young man of Baeza's placid ways. But for the arrival of a *deus ex machina* he might have settled for local eminence. A Panama obstetrician named Dr. Rogelio Boyd owned a horse for which he had a prospective bidder at a considerable price. The interested party had come to the track to watch the horse, Monzon, in a six-furlong race. Dr. Boyd promised Baeza and Monzon's trainer that if the horse won and he completed the sale he would take them and their wives to Florida for a vacation. Baeza booted Monzon home, and Dr. Boyd kept his word. Early in 1960 Braulio and Carmen arrived in Miami with their host.

Baeza's reputation had preceded him to Florida. A jockeys' agent named Camilo Marin looked him up and took him to Hialeah to meet the Alabama sportsman Fred W. Hooper and his trainer, Chuck Parke. Parke asked Baeza to work a filly over a half-mile stretch in between 49 and 50 seconds. When Baeza came back Parke asked him how fast he thought he had covered the ground. Baeza said he had done it in 49 seconds. Parke had clocked the workout in 49 2. "That's good enough for me," Parke said, and Baeza became known as a jockey "with a clock in his head."

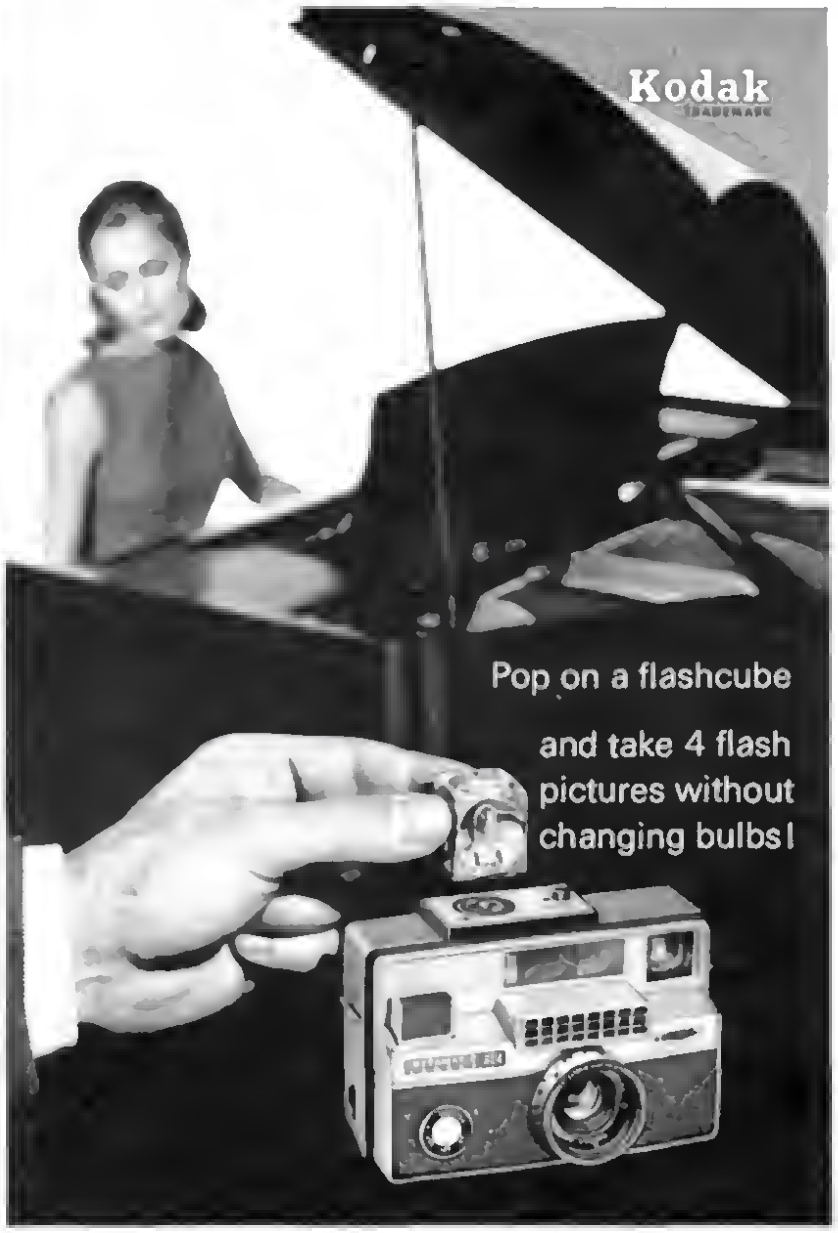
Hooper signed Baeza to a riding contract and sponsored the immigration of the jockey and his family (there was an infant by that time) to the U.S. Baeza went to Keeneland and began riding for Hooper and other owners. Jimmy Conway was one of the first trainers for whom he rode.

"Camilo Marin brought him around," Conway says. "There are some agents I trust, and if they asked me to put Sonny Liston on a horse I would do it — nothing good, maybe, but I'd let him earn a living. Marin said Baeza could ride. Well, the way to tell is to watch him ride a horse *you* know. I put him on a couple of my horses, and I saw that he did all the right things."

Baeza had an important advantage over most of the other young jockeys he was riding against. Only 20 years old, he had arrived in Keeneland an experienced rider, full of the confidence that comes only with success. He won 11 races at Keeneland.

"They said he was the best rider at the Keeneland meeting," Parke has recalled. "Then he went to Chicago, and they said

continued



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the same thing. Finally he wound up in New York that fall riding against Shoemaker, Arcaro and Yeaza, and some people thought he was the best rider *there*."

In the years ahead there were to be snares as well as rewards. At Hialeah the next February, for example, he broke his right collarbone when his horse went down. ("My mother flew up here that day from Panama," Braulio says. "She thought her son was dead.") But two months later Baeza was back on the track, riding winners. His first important triumph occurred in the Belmont Stakes that year, when he brought home Sherluck, a 65-to-1 shot, ahead of the celebrated Carry Back. Braulio charmed everybody by reaching into the blanket of carnations that had been thrown over Sherluck, plucking the flowers and throwing them exultantly to the crowd.

"People think this is a Panamanian custom," Baeza told a racing writer, "but that is not the truth. Braulio does this because he is a happy boy!"

It was an uncommon spectacle. Baeza already had acquired the reputation of a loner, whose business was riding horses and whose only pleasure afterward was to rush home to be with his wife and children. "Braulio doesn't do any of the things it's *fun* to do," a friend says.

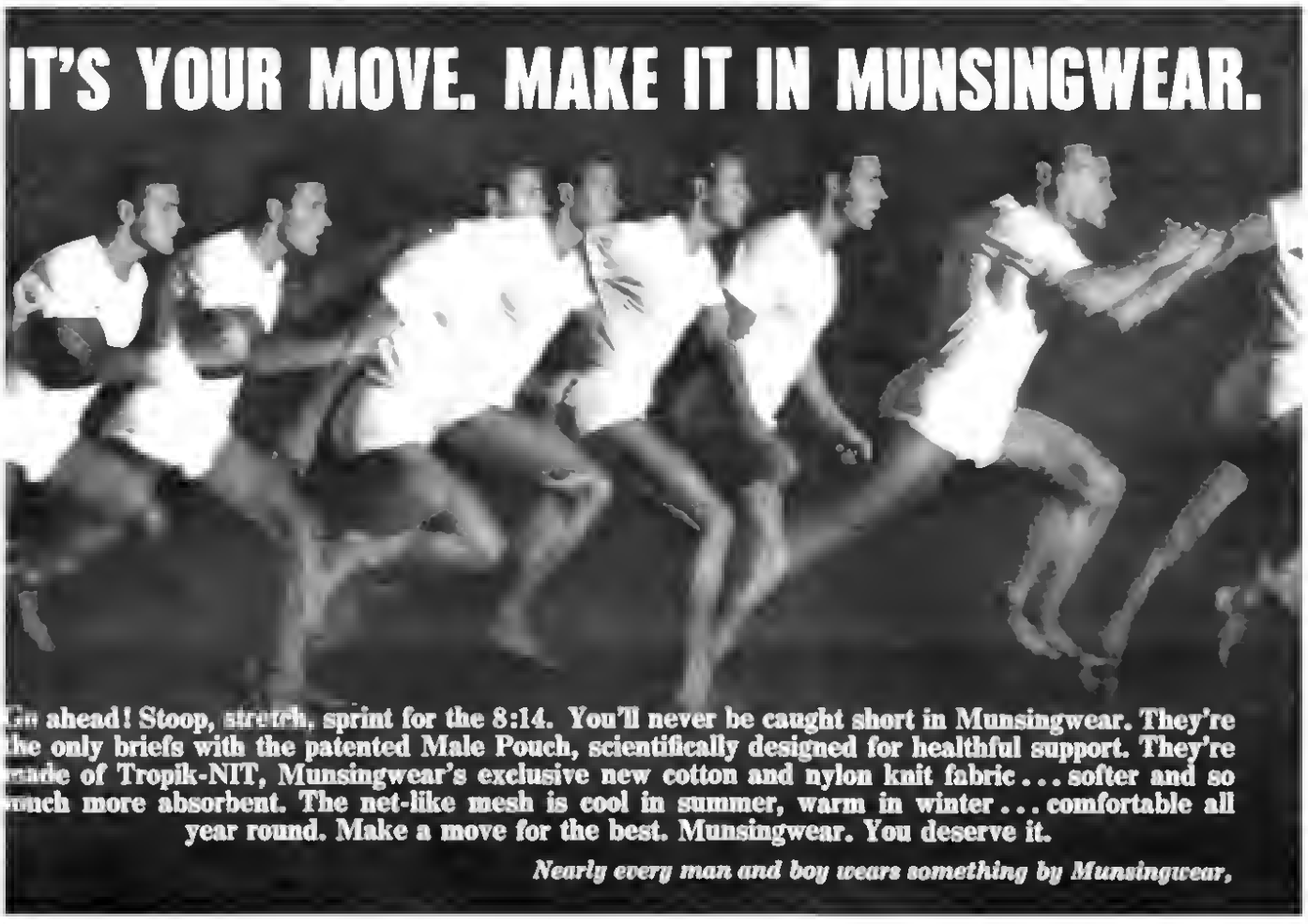
Virtue, however, is not synonymous with infallibility. In 1963 Baeza came a cropper on Lamb Chop, one of the best fillies since Twilight Tear. Lamb Chop was a heavy favorite in the Alabama Stakes, the second oldest in the U.S. for 3-year-old fillies, and one of the most important. With Baeza aboard, Lamb Chop was beaten by a nose as Tona, an outsider, slipped through in the last few strides. The next morning Trainer Bill Winfrey made a crack about "that boy throwing away the race yesterday," suggesting Baeza had miscalculated. Baeza, learning of this, felt humiliated.

"You saw the race," he snapped at a reporter who asked him about it. "Why ask me?"

Winfrey's remark left no lasting bitterness, however, and Braulio was aboard Winfrey's champion 2-year-olds Bold Lad and Queen Empress throughout 1964.

For Baeza 1963 was the year of Chateaugay, not Lamb Chop. Though still under contract to Fred Hooper, he was asked to ride John W. Galbreath's handsome chestnut colt in the Kentucky Derby. Hooper, who did not have a horse in the Derby, had hoped to put Baeza aboard his Admiral's Voyage in the $50,000 Carter Handicap at Aqueduct the same day. Baeza asked Hooper to release him, and Hooper, who once had said, "I'd rather win the Derby than half a million dollars in other stakes races," could not stand in Baeza's way.

Derby Day was truly a day of roses for Braulio Baeza. While Jockey Ray Broussard eased Baeza's conscience by riding Admiral's Voyage to victory at Aqueduct, Braulio took charge of Chateaugay and the Derby. Well back for most of the race, he pushed Chateaugay to the front in the stretch and kept him there. Conway, who trained Chateaugay, said later, "He never ran the same with anybody else on him. He



didn't even look like the same horse."

Baeza hasn't ridden in a Kentucky Derby since. In 1964 the kind of business and legal difficulties that seldom trouble the obscure suddenly piled up around him. Baeza the homebody had become Baeza the traveling man, hopping all over the country at Fred Hooper's call. Braulio sulked and finally rebelled. His contract with Hooper, which paid him $1,000 a month plus 10% of his winnings, extended through 1965, but in April 1964 he wrote to Hooper that he was no longer complying with the terms of the agreement. Hooper got out an injunction against Baeza restraining him from riding for any other stable. In support of his case Hooper referred to Baeza as "a rider of great skill" and pointed out that between 1960 and 1963 the jockey had earned more than $180,000 with him and $500,000 over-all. Baeza offered to buy back his contract from Hooper for $75,000, which Hooper rejected. When Derby Day arrived Baeza was still chafing under the injunction and unable to ride. The matter finally was settled by the intervention of John Galbreath. It was reported that Galbreath, who wanted Baeza as the contract rider for his Darby Dan Farm, supplied the bulk of the money when Baeza bought up his contract for $100,000.

In the course of this struggle Baeza also shook off his longtime agent, Camilo Marin, in favor of the Brooklyn-born Goodman, who has been extremely successful in maintaining the status of his clients as outstanding money winners (Bill Hartack, Bobby Ussery and Johnny Rotz are among Goodman's previous riders). Baeza is very happy with Goodman, who finds him top mounts in exchange for 20% of the jockey's earnings, and Goodman returns Braulio's admiration. "A lot of jocks, when they win, say it's because they gave the horse a good ride," says Goodman. "When they lose they say it's because their agent didn't get them good mounts. Braulio's always a gentleman."

On this impending Derby Day, Baeza will have Graustark going for him—that is, if horse and rider can manage to stay in one piece until May 7, a feat that has seemed beyond both of them for most of the spring. Also plagued by misfortune is Buckpasser, Ogden Phipps's 1965 champion 2-year-old, who was supposed to be co-favorite with Graustark in the Derby. Buckpasser suffered a hoof injury in March. Baeza, having ridden Buckpasser in all of his starts last year, has grown a little weary of being asked to compare the two horses, and his present mastery of the idiom enables him to reply in empty cliches.

But when asked if he will carry any specific instructions with him aboard Graustark, he is a little more candid. "There's not much a trainer can tell the jockey when he already knows a horse," Baeza said. "A trainer can plan a race for you. He can say, 'At that point in a race you will be in this position, and so you will do *this*.' But many things may happen before you get to *that* point."

In such cases the jockey must make his decision, and the horse must respond to it. It helps when the jockey "fits" the horse. **END**





WORLD CHALLENGE FROM AN



EAGLE'S NEST

Angered by taunts over America's lack of a Grand Prix car, Dan Gurney and Carroll Shelby are building star-spangled racers to compete in the coming world championship classics ***by BOB OTTUM***



Look up, America! A proud moment in history is taking shape. This one will be a gripper, and it smacks of so much apple pie and Andy Hardy that a lot of people are going to choke up when it comes. Consider this: even Hollywood, that traditional trampler of all pure emotions, is filming not one but two expensive movies that will circle all around this subject without looking directly at it. Both movies will be about auto racing, which ought to explain their caution. Movies about auto racing are known to be surefire, cinch box-office bombs.

In one of these new films you can expect to see panoramic close-ups of America's heartthrob, Steve McQueen, in taped goggles and with makeup-department oil smeared artistically across his bent nose, and there will be a lot of what is known in the trade as *vroom, vroom, vroom*. Lord knows what dramatic wonders the other film will unfold, but it won't show the real thing, either.

The real thing, filmed or not, will come in May at Monaco. The setting will be perfect—there on the Riviera with that lumpy old Casino in the background, where the Grand Prix racecourse runs along the harbor front and up the hill past the Hotel de Paris. The air will be heavy with the rich smell of high-test perfumes, and Princess Grace will be looking on from a velvet-draped dais.

On this stage will be three principal actors. One of them is England's Colin Chapman, who builds rear-engine racing cars and wears a rear-engine haircut. Chapman paints his Lotus cars green, and Jimmy Clark wins world championships and Indianapolis 500s in them. Chapman has

continued

THE NEW RACER is displayed by Shelby (*left*) and Gurney. They hope it will have swift-striking qualities symbolized by eagle in foreground.



GURNEY AND AIDE ARE FRAMED BY BODY-SECTION FORM IN EARLY BUILDING DAYS

become so famous that people who used to say he looked like David Niven are now saying David Niven looks like *him.*

Another principal is Carroll Shelby (SI, May 17, 1965), the crusty Texas-American whose Cobra last year won one of the world championships for Grand Touring cars. He will be standing on the quay (it is perfectly safe to predict) in a battered black hat that sits on his head like a Stetson vulture. And between Chapman and Shelby, so low that it comes only to their knees, will be a murderous-looking car.

Not just *a* car. This is *the* car. 13 feet long, a gleaming blue torpedo suspended between four thick wheels. Behind the cockpit, just back of the roll bar, is a V-12 engine nobody has ever seen before because there has never been another quite like it. It has dual overhead cams, 48 valves and 12 polished aluminum funnels along the top of the engine gulping in air to feed it. The exhausts, coiled like a pile of snakes, angle sharply out the back. They are painted red with gold flecks; the effect is to make them look too hot to touch, a reminder to the mechanics to keep their hands away. The tapered sharklike nose ends in an air scoop big enough to gobble up large dogs and small children.

In the assembling thunder of cars warming up for the Monaco Grand Prix, Chapman looks slowly and carefully at the new car. He is about as casual as a stretched rubber band.

"What do you call this thing?" he asks.

When the black-hatted man answers, his voice comes out just right. It always does. You could light a match on it.

"This," Shelby rasps, "is the by-God American Eagle!" That's it, patriots. Up music! This is the moment a growing number of Americans have been waiting for.

The third principal is the man inside the car, almost swallowed by it, with just his head and shoulders showing above the cockpit. Under a black crash helmet, polished like night sky, his face is set in the chiseled line of his customary Mt. Rushmore expression. His eyes glint cobalt-blue, and long lines down both sides of his mouth form the world's deadliest dimples. Women hovering near him buckle slightly at the knees. It is Dan Gurney (SI, May 27, 1963), the living assurance to every worried mom that hot rodders do not all grow up bad, and whose magnificent face, even in repose, makes cinema racing drivers look faintly suspect.

And the biting, beautiful thing about the moment is that the car does not even have to win the race. In fact, winning the race would be too much. Just rolling the American Eagle out on the grid at Monaco—and to the starting line at other tracks on the Grand Prix circuit—will mark the fulfillment of an American dream. It will mean that some gutsy citizens have finally built a high-winding, fast-stepping U.S. Grand Prix car and are going to gas it up and try the Europeans at their own game on their own grounds.

Not only will it be there but, honest to George M. Cohan, Gurney and Shelby expect it to be a winner. The two of them and a fat, wealthy line of sponsors have staked a million dollars, the amount of money it took to develop and build it. If it does not win this year, then next year it surely will, because there is another million back where the first million came from. And if *that* money runs out, maybe the whole country ought to support the project (Lyndon Johnson could rename the car Eagle Bird) to keep Eagle running and thereby keep the rest of the world loose.

In sober truth, the odds against American Eagle are long. First, the team of Shelby and Gurney is a crazy mixed-up American hybrid, something like a partnership of Toots Shor and Billy Sunday. Second, Grand Prix racing is not our game. It is their game, and the Europeans rule it with supercilious assurance. The U.S. drivers who are good at Grand Prix racing have gotten that way driving other countries' cars. Back in the 1950s, when Shelby was wheeling Maseratis and Aston Martins around Monaco, he told everyone who would listen (not many of them did) that an American would one day be world driving champion. They laughed at *notre cowboy* until 1961, when Phil Hill became the first American to win the title. But Hill did it driving an Italian Ferrari.

In 1960 Lance Reventlow made this country's only serious attempt at Grand Prix racing in more than 40 years. He built some cars called Scarabs, but they were outclassed.

Americans have a hard time identifying with any sport that does not offer one a great deal of sudden money.

continued

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Grand Prix racing pays off mostly in prestige and glamour, uncashable commodities. Road racing also wanders all over the place. It never settles in one compact, closed track such as the Indianapolis Speedway, where a man can sit down with a hamper of potato salad and beer and see the whole thing from the grandstand.

To Europeans, whose roads are narrow and whose cars are small, Grand Prix racing comes as a natural extension of a way of life. It is—like their personal driving—full of guile and tricky corners, and the race is not to the swift, but to the best downshifter. Through most of Europe the only thing an auto trunk can or need hold is a bottle of wine and a wedge of good cheese, and a racing car is none the less for having an engine that would fit in a Detroit glove compartment. But the glamour of Grand Prix is starting to get to Americans, and if ever the world was ready for a pair of evangelists like Gurney and Shelby the time is now.

Says Shelby: "We've got this name—American Eagle!—that falls on your ears just right. We're over there and, out of courtesy to us, they are nice about this, they play our national anthem and our flag is out there with all the others. And there stands Gurney with his shining face. It's by-God beautiful."

The buildup for the star-spangled scene they both can see inside their heads is taking place in a 16,000-square-foot auto shop on South Broadway in Santa Ana, Calif., a typically American neighborhood occupied by a couple of automobile dealers and a furniture-moving company, and where a truck comes around twice a day selling hot coffee and sandwiches. The place is called, in neat lettering on the front window, All American Racers, Inc.

Inside AAR the executive offices are paneled in soft-beige woods, dappled with a fingerprint frieze where President Gurney has come in from the shop section and leaned against the wall. The place is spotted with pictures and trophies from Gurney's racing career, including a hammered silver tray from one race that a secretary keeps piled with candy because people were always crushing out cigarettes in it. Gurney comes in wearing what racers call "leathers," which means heavy leather pants and a leather jacket. He has blackened, cracked hands and a face to match. He makes scratchy sounds when he walks, and when he smiles through the layer of dust his teeth are startlingly white.

To understand Gurney, one must first understand that he revs up to a higher speed than your average car crank, but conceals it. He gets up in the morning full of pressure, and he starts out most days by barreling off into the malted-milk-colored hills around Santa Ana on a scrambler motorcycle. He bounces, fast, over rocks, through canyons and up and over trees—the low, gnarled live-oak trees of the terrain. Gurney does this until he has his psyche hammered into enough control to handle the rest of the day's routine with emotional balance and calm.

When Gurney was younger—he is 34 now—he was a hot rodder who used to boom along the subdivisions of Riverside, Calif., which helped a little in preparing him for international racing. But, like Phil Hill, Gurney's mature reputation was built on the wheels of foreign-built cars, a situation that always rankled him. There is no way, when one is driving for someone else, to make sure one is getting the best car in the garage, and Gurney has been plagued in recent races with a series of mechanical breakdowns just at the point where he was blasting everybody off the track. But in spite of this handicap Gurney has built a solid career: in 1964 he finished six of the 10 races he started (just to finish a Grand Prix race is considered praiseworthy) and won the Grand Prix of France and Mexico. Last year Gurney won second place at Watkins Glen and in Mexico and finished fourth in world points.

Now, back at Santa Ana, Gurney puts clenched fervor into building the Eagle. If he were to come into the shop without riding the motorcycle first, every mechanic and metal-bender in the place would be a nervous wreck. As it is, he sits tautly at his president's desk as though the thing were going to take off and fly to Chicago any minute. On the desk is a packet of Gelusil tablets which, when his stomach burns too badly, Gurney eats like after-dinner mints. If these fail, he prowls through the shop like a smiling cougar.

The idea for the American Eagle came as a case of spontaneous combustion in a London taxi.

"Here we were, Dan and I, riding to a restaurant for dinner," says Shelby. "We got to talking about this thing. It was in October of 1964. Right there we put All American Racers and American Eagle together."

"It clicked," says Gurney, "because so awfully much had gone before. Ever since I was a kid, ever since I started racing cars, I have been dreaming about this sort of thing. And I would say to myself, 'Man, wouldn't it be tremendous?' I mean, *our* car, a United States car, not anybody else's car. In those days I also told myself, 'I've got to keep my eyes and ears open so that I'll know the right moment when it comes along.'"

"And what better time?" says Shelby. "Dan here had all the contacts with talented people to make us a car—and he had all the talent of his own to drive it for us. Perfect. And I had a few ideas on how to get my hands on some money. Not a whole lot of money. Too much financing can ruin a project like this. Just enough money."

"If I would win a race over there," says Gurney, "or if I would do well in a race over there, some well-meaning Britisher would come up to me to congratulate me. He would tell me, 'I say there, you're not like an American at all. Why, you're bloody *good* at driving.' And it would really turn me on. Not like an American? Ye gods!

"They play our national anthem and maybe you've got a little decal of an American flag pasted on the side of the car, and it suddenly becomes something important."

Shelby feels just as intently and a lot more profanely. "I've had 'em say the same thing to me, 'Yer almost as good as a Euro*pean*,' like a jab in the eye with a sharp stick."

To finance the Eagle, Gurney and Shelby began with some of their own savings. Goodyear Tire and Mobil are down for quite a hundle, and there are other sponsors. They are all betting on the Eagle out of patriotism and the possibility of having that noble motive pay off in publicity in the future.

Gurney and Shelby have not let their patriotic urges blind them to the fact that it takes specialists to build Grand Prix cars, and the most controversial element in the Eagle project is that the specialists have not come wrapped in the Stars and Stripes but in the Union Jack of England. One is Len Terry, formerly

continued



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the chief designer for Colin Chapman and Team Lotus—in other words, a man heavily responsible for the deadly green cars in which Jimmy Clark won both the world championship and the Indianapolis 500. Terry raced cars himself—he crashed badly enough to convince himself that he had the idea, all right—and turned to designing. He dreamed up a wild little car he called the Terrier, which ran 21 events in its first year out and won 18 of them—beating mostly Lotuses, a fact that made Chapman uneasy enough to hire Terry. Chapman and Terry's partnership ended last May 31 in Indianapolis exactly at sundown, not long after Clark had won the 500 with ridiculous ease. "Just the proper time," says Terry, "to end a long, successful association."

In Terry the Americans had a first-rate chassis man. To get an engine man Gurney went to the pastoral countryside near Rye, England, where a gentleman named Harry Weslake operates a small, little-publicized plant dealing in speed and also in industrial-engine development. Weslake has the reputation of being a mystic who can lay his hands on—and heal—an engine. He has been healing, wheeling and dealing them since the 1920s. During World War II, when Great Britain was in danger of being overrun by German planes, England's Royal Air Force began to wonder out loud why the Spitfires weren't fast enough. "Send me one," said consultant Weslake. "Not the whole beastly plane, just the engine. And you might send along one of the German engines as well." Weslake spotted in the captured German engine a principle he already had used in motorcycle engines, and figured out from that how to beat the enemy. He redesigned the combustion chamber of the Spitfire Merlin engines and gave the RAF pilots the speed they needed to gain the upper hand. More recently, it was consultant Weslake again who found an extra 75 horsepower in the new Chrysler hemi-head engine when it was in the development stage. Chrysler adopted his idea, then took the engine to the Daytona International Speedway and blew everybody off the track with it.

With Weslake signed to produce a dream engine along lines firmly laid down by Gurney himself and with Terry working on the chassis, things picked up at Santa Ana. The Eagle began to come together, stretched out on a series of tables and dies like a monster robot waiting for someone to pour the lightning bolts to it. Gurney and Terry built a box—an awful lot like a Soap Box Derby model—and created a cockpit around Gurney, measuring it to exact scale.

When it was all put together, with Gurney fitted into the real cockpit, the Eagle took on a cleanly vicious line. The Eagle's engine develops 400-plus horsepower, which should be respectable enough.

(While tuning up for the big moment at Monaco, Gurney and Shelby have not been neglecting racing's big moment in America, the 500. All American Racers are building no fewer than six cars for Indy and, superficially, these will be almost identical to the Grand Prix Eagles. The chief difference between the Indy cars and the Grand Prix models is in the engines. For Indy the engines are Fords of the kind Clark used in winning last year. Gurney was so impressive in a first tryout of the Indy Eagle on the road course at Riverside, Calif. the other day that Riverside wants to schedule a race for Indy cars and drivers next fall. Although he used only one running gear, Indy style, Gurney made outstanding lap times.)

This is the year Grand Prix engines double in size—from 1.5 to three liters—and Enzo Ferrari already has a working, proved three-liter engine for the new formula. Ferrari engines are known to be so durable that one almost has to beat them to death with a hammer to turn them off.

In Japan mechanics are swarming all over both 12- and 24-cylinder versions of a Honda—but it will not be ready to race until fall. Britain's BRM will roll out with a new 16-cylinder power plant. Not a V-16, but an H-16, a two-crankshaft creature made up of two flat 8s, one fastened atop the other. BRM is building an H-16 for its own team and another for Team Lotus, which was caught engineless in the changeover. Lotus cars will run on BRM engines the first year under the new formula, a situation that makes Chapman grit his teeth handsomely while he is waiting for Ford of England and the Cosworth speed-specialty people to finish a new Lotus engine. John Cooper, the man who made rear engines *de rigueur*, has reached down to Italy for a three-liter Maserati with which to power his new Coopers. Jack Brabham will have his own chassis again—and an engine based on the American Oldsmobile V-8.

As of now, the odds favor Ferrari, who knows a good thing when he hears it running. Although, maintains Shelby, he "doesn't know sic 'em about chassis." Chapman is the one for chassis perfection. "His theory is to start out making everything too light," says Shelby; "then he runs the hell out of the cars and, as things break, he toughens them up. This is pretty tricky stuff."

But AAR is prepared to be as tricky as need be. When the American Eagle project is finished and the car sits at Santa Ana with its made-in-America look, Gurney (in his leathers), Shelby and crew could pose for a Norman Rockwell painting. And rightly so. The car and engine are Shelby-Gurney designs, no matter who put some of the parts together. This blending of talents, Gurney feels, is quintessentially American. "This land is a melting pot of people who came over here to the American way," says Gurney. "Our car has that same melting-pot touch; we feel it is a true representation of all of us at AAR."

The reason the two did not go to one of the big domestic car-builders for assistance is certainly American enough: they are apprehensive of big, impersonal companies. "I'm not too sure that the officials of these companies that build cars even like cars," says Shelby, and Gurney agrees. "They're too much oriented to profit-and-loss books, and they look at a car as a unit, not a living, breathing thing a man can curl up to. We could have gotten plenty of Detroit backing on this project—I am very close to Ford, for example—but there is such a thing as too much money and too many bosses."

A small but growing circle of people know the Eagle is coming, and they are getting caught up in the excitement. At Riverside, where Gurney raced a McLaren-Ford in October, Steve McQueen observed him carefully. McQueen, who has raced sports cars himself, is currently working on the racing film with Director John Sturges. The two of them started with the working title *The Cruel Sport*, later changed it to *The Day of the Champion* and, in Hollywood fashion, could change it again. It could become *Beach Blanket Grand Prix* or *Monocoque, Baby* before they are through.

continued



Still, McQueen asked Gurney to work with him on *Champion*.

The day after the race at Riverside, Gurney called Shelby to tell him of the offer. "McQueen wants me to be his double in some of the scenes," Dan explained. "And he even pointed out it wouldn't be too tough, because, he says, we look quite a bit alike."

Shelby's response was a low growl. "Yer about 10 times better-looking than that character."

But Shelby himself is not immune to the lure of the screen. John Frankenheimer also is making a racing picture. He has tied up most of the Grand Prix film rights in Europe for the coming season to keep McQueen and Sturges away. He will call his picture, with simple elegance, *Grand Prix*. One of the stars of the show will be, in effect, the American Eagle. There is some talk of using fancy fiber-glass shells to put over the Eagle like slipcovers to make it look more like Frankenheimer thinks a car should look. Both Shelby and Gurney have agreed to be consultants on the film.

Despite the action swirling around at the edge of their vision, Gurney and Shelby still only have eyes for the Eagle. In its solid form now it is a creature a man can hold on to, a thing of substance. He can pat it fondly on the nose and imagine it in action.

"I would like very much to get in a season or two with the Eagle before I quit racing," says Gurney. "It is a great car. The hard thing to think about is that sooner or later I am going to have to be brutal with it. But it will respond.

"Then I'll be able to stand on the sidelines and help run the team effort. You feel an awful lot smarter standing on the sidelines than you do driving one of these things."

It would be a smash windup to the story if Eagle beat them all. On a clear day Gurney and Shelby can see it. American Eagle wins Monaco. (picture of Princess Grace putting wreath of victory flowers on Eagle's nose.) Eagle stuns Europe. Advertising campaigns. Put an Eagle in your tank. Eagle bubble-gum trading cards and Eagle sweat shirts. Kids dancing the new Eagle and eating Eagleburgers. Eagle restores lagging U.S. prestige around the world. Eagle returns to wild ticker-tape parade up Broadway.

And—as Shelby says—there stands Gurney with his shining face. AND



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Very possibly none of St. Petersburg's senior citizens had ever thought of it just that way, but when **Maurice Chevalier**, himself 77 and one year older than the Eiffel Tower, called the city the "American Riviera," how everyone perked up with pride. Out for a Sunday stroll, Chevalier then followed his nose into Al Lang Field, where the Houston Astros were preparing to play the St. Louis Cards. Once the game got under way the Frenchman, who has become as native as a ball park hot dog, leaned on his malacca cane and looked on blankly. "I don't know the rules of baseball at all," he confessed. "Why they run when they do or why they stop."

Atmospheric in black wool beret and decorative apron left over from some old backyard barbecue set, Manager **Bobby Bragan** of the Atlanta Braves bent over an easel at West Palm Beach, Fla. (*below*) to apply the last strokes to his latest painting of a house—for which a 6-year-old then offered him 35¢. Bragan took up painting houses—took up painting altogether—last October and recently progressed to a castle. The castle, his favorite work to date, includes his 20-month-old granddaughter and her black poodle flying overhead on a magic carpet. The castle itself was the headache. "I had to paint the walls over a second time," says Bragan, "because my idea of a castle is ivy on the walls. I must have overdone the ivy, because when I had finished you couldn't see the castle."

Sitting in as guest sports columnist for the Dallas *Times Herald*, **Richard Nixon** harked back to a 1965 locker-room debate with **Otto Graham** that had followed a round of golf with Graham and Yale's John Pont. Lawyer Nixon was enthusiastic over Pont's decision to become head coach at Indiana, a Big Ten school. At that, said Columnist Nixon, "Otto spoke up and said he, personally, had had enough of the big-time pressure . . . and that, furthermore, he enjoyed his job at the Coast Guard Academy. . . . I had to disagree with his point of view. I chided him for it." A man with Graham's talent, Nixon meant, ought to take on something much more challenging than coaching the Coast Guard. Result? "I may have had," wrote Nixon, "a subconscious influence on Graham's decision to take the coaching post at the Washington Redskins." "Could be," mused Otto Graham in Washington, "but if old Richard wants credit I'll expect him back down here when things don't go too well to help me coach."

UFO Spotter of the Week: On the night following his 15-round fight with Cassius Clay, reports **George Chuvalo**, he observed a mysterious, flickery thing flying through the Toronto sky. "My wife saw it too, and Clay didn't hit her once."

With six days to spare, **Sargent Shriver** sped off to Africa with son **Bobby**, 11, and nephew **Bobby Kennedy Jr.**, 12, for the express purpose of "seeing it all." By dint of Land Rover, twin-engine Beech and split-second timing, the remarkable feat was pretty much accomplished, as the three of them jammed a normal two-month safari into 1,200 action-packed miles that included treetop nights huddling in the howling forests and eye-popping days flying past Kilimanjaro and over the game-abounding Serengeti Plains of Tanzania. All the while, the boys, well prepared, gave Shriver a running commentary on the ecological structure of African wildlife. At one intoxicating point, while Bobby Jr. sat photographing from the back of a truck, they were charged by rhinos and elephants. Said Bobby Shriver, "It was great."

He was the only winning pitcher (5 wins, 4 losses) the New York Mets could claim in 1962. Even so, scholarly **Ken MacKenzie** had it figured out this way. "I'm the lowest-paid member of the Yale class of 1956." If true then, no doubt true today, for nothing much has changed except the job. Retiring from baseball last fall, MacKenzie has returned to Yale to coach freshman hockey and baseball while working on credits for a master's degree in industrial administration. Miss the majors and all? "Well, I do," says MacKenzie. "This will take some getting used to."

Halfback **Mike Garrett**'s Heisman Trophy, loaded with prestige, is fine as far as it goes. But can it measure up to that all-purpose pocketknife that President **Lyndon Johnson** gave him, an instrument that also scissors, tweezers, tooth-picks and files? The President met Garrett (*below*) while Mike was in Washington as a guest of alumni of the University of Southern California. When Johnson handed over the knife Mike reported, "He said, 'When someone gives you something with a sharp edge as a gift you should offer something in return so you won't cut off the friendship.'" What L.B.J. had in mind was a copper cent, but Mike preferred to give the President the tiny gold football tacked through his necktie. "My kindergarten teacher at Wiggins Avenue School had it made and gave it to me when I won the Heisman Trophy," said Mike, "and it's very precious to me. I told the President I would appreciate his taking it, and he did."

Maine's once-fashionable Poland Spring Hotel—it briefly emerged from obscurity last spring as Sonny Liston's training camp—is now being converted to a Job Corps training center for women. Quick to respond to an invitation to join the physical-education staff was Tennessee's **Wilma Rudolph**, winner of three track gold medals at the 1960 Olympics. "We want the kind of people who can provide strong motivation to the Job Corps girls," said Center Director Sol Ernst. "People just like Wilma Rudolph."







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There are two schools of thought on putting. One calls for you to break your wrists. The other requires you to keep your wrists firm and move the arms instead. But regardless of which you follow, you should know the role that each hand plays in the putting stroke. Like most touring pros, I am a wrist putter. The back of my left hand points toward the hole at address. I let my right hand do the work of taking the club back. My left hand is essentially acting only as a guide. The hands work the same way on the forward stroke, the right hand doing the hitting and the left hand keeping the club head on line. If the left hand were to stop guiding at impact, the ball would veer right or left. An arm putter—and until fairly recently I was one—must use his hands differently. In this style the left hand does more of the work. As before, it does all of the guiding, but it also takes the putter back. The right hand is emphasized only during the striking of the ball. It really makes little difference whether you become a wrist putter or an arm putter. But try to master one or the other and stick with it. Do not switch back and forth from round to round.

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FRANCIS GOLDEN

On the backswing of the wrist-putting stroke the right wrist does the work (red band), while the left hand maintains the correct line.



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'A thousand feet of nothing down below'

John Harlin was among the foremost of America's new breed of climbers, a master of modern mountain techniques. On March 22nd, while leading an unprecedented—and eventually successful—vertical assault on the infamous north wall of the Eiger, he fell 4,000 feet to his death. What follows is a unique story—his own account of the treacheries of the Eiger, as seen by him when he and a German comrade conquered it by the "direct" zigzag route in 1962.

There is a mental and physical separation point on the north wall of the Eiger at which a climber begins to lose all contact with the ground. The trees and houses far below start to lose their definition, and you feel as if you are completely and forever part of an environment of vertical rock, ice and cloud. Only at night, when the lights of Grindelwald and, far off, even those of Bern can be seen like serpentine strings of jewels—only then can the climber again associate with the world of the valley beneath him.

This happens somewhere around a 1,000-foot chimney called the Ramp, which Konrad Kirch, the German member of our team, and I had now reached on my first assault on the Eiger. We were 4,500 feet up the wall, 1,500 feet from the summit and pressing ahead.

Because of its size, each section of the Eiger is like a complete climb in Yosemite or the Tetons, and essentially that is how we attacked it. After surmounting a famous area like the second ice field of the Ramp, you feel the satisfaction of having made an entire successful ascent.

We climbed the Ramp with great speed, and in five rope lengths came to the first of the real difficulties, the Overhanging Waterfall. Only the "water" was all ice. Terray, the great Chamonix guide, had pioneered a bypass to the right that was free of water and ice. But the rock, as usual, was rotten. At the crux, where you must manage the top of the overhang, I got three pitons into a solution hole and packed chips of ice around them. I hung a sling on them next to the rock, and by trusting this fabrication negotiated the pitch.

After hauling the packs up we climbed a short gully and came to the difficult Ice Bulge. I tried to pass it on the left by way of an airy traverse, which reminded me of that verse in *Jim-crack Joe*, a song we sang years ago in the States: "With his fingers jammed in crannies and his legs a-dangling free and a thousand feet of nothing down below." Only here it was 4,000 feet of nothing. Coming down over the bulge was a cannonade of rock and ice. I could tell the overhang would be strenuous and the holds extremely loose. Finally I was scared, for I did not know if I could do it and a fall here could not have been held. But once I started, the overhang went more easily than I had expected. I hanged in a piton and brought up Konrad.

Soon we were on a ledge near the Traverse of the Gods. We had no assurance of finding a suitable spot farther on. Light was fading fast, so we did the best we could with our ledge. Because it was impossible to place pitons, we looped a rope around the block that formed the ledge. This seemed safe enough until we discovered that the whole block moved under pressure. Oh well—it was all we had. I listened to Konrad snore while thirst and the lights of Grindelwald, visible directly down between my legs, kept me awake.

By midnight the weather had turned bad. Lightning flashed across the entire horizon. A little later I heard thunder, and the cities began to disappear: first Bern, then Thun, Interlaken, finally Grindelwald. At dawn the storm was upon us. We broke our bivouac quickly to negotiate the Traverse of the Gods before conditions became impossible.

Konrad was leading when we reached the Spider, a near-vertical hanging ice field. There, 10 feet to his right, was the Spider's left couloir, but all you could see was the blurred image of tons of falling snow. How could we move through it? I felt completely beaten, a man without an acceptable alternative. But five minutes later this large continuous avalanche stopped. The smaller ones that took its place possibly would not pull a man off. Still, it was a moot question. I told Konrad that I did not think I could make it through, but would try.

As the ax bit into the ice, the snow sliding from above parted around my body. I had to breathe as if I were swimming, and swimming I was. The snow found every conceivable way of getting through the clothing, but my concern was speed. A heavy avalanche would peel me off into space or, at least, would cut the rope linking me to Konrad. Just as I reached the other side a heavy avalanche came, and the dangling rope in

Continued



JOHN HARLIN AFTER AN EIGER CLIMB



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the mainstream now threatened to pull us off. I quickly sank a piton and managed to secure myself and the rope [Harlin was near the Spider three weeks ago when, apparently, rock cut his rope, causing his fatal fall.]

It began to snow hard, but after moving four rope lengths through repeated avalanches, we escaped the Spider.

Later we could see below us dark forms in the fog and snow, and we heard shouts in Swiss-German. We knew other climbing parties had started up the north wall shortly after we did. Helped by some of our pitons and steps chopped in the ice, they were catching up with us.

How strange it was to hear the human voices of our new companions on the Spider amid the din of the storm and avalanches. It took my mind from the mountain for a moment. I thought of the breed of men we are, about ourselves and this environment. I was happy and proud without precisely articulating in my mind why, but in my detachment I appreciated the strength and ability of my companions as well as my own training and body reserve.

Konrad and I proceeded until we reached a ridge, and there, because conditions were so bad and we were running low on pitons, we decided to wait for the others. We found that a Swiss team and one from Austria had linked up earlier and we joined them to form one long unbroken rope, an international assault on the Eigerwand by a team of four countries: Germany, Austria, Switzerland and the United States. It was only noon, and I did not doubt that we would reach the summit that day. The team effort seemed a good idea. It proved to be a near-fatal mistake.

Three more pitches brought us to the main couloir, but then all progress came to a rather sudden halt. Above us there was a difficult but short quartz crack, and then a 130-foot iced overhang that was notorious among climbers.

Franz, a Swiss of great specialized rock-climbing experience and reputation, tackled the overhang. Since the rock was completely iced he kept his crampons on. Through the fog I watched him strain, putting inch after inch of rock below him. At the crux of the pitch he faltered, trying to find something for the tiniest support. Nothing was there, just thickly glazed overhanging limestone. His situation was impossible. A small avalanche plumed over and out into

continued



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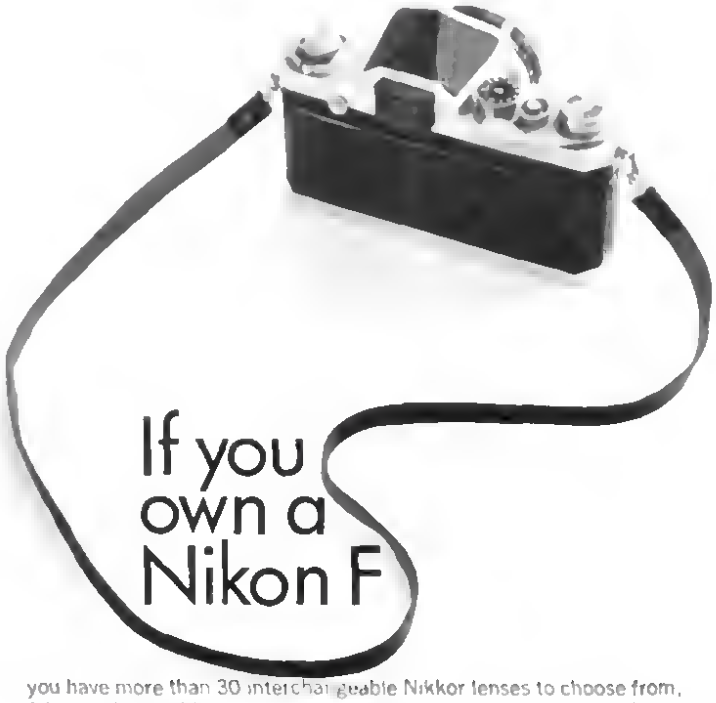
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space. Franz clung several more seconds before he arched out, was intercepted in the avalanche, and fell. A ledge and a low piton held him. Franz was stopped, beaten, but luckily unhurt.

An Austrian took the lead and after a struggle lasting nearly an hour, he climbed the overhang. With an upper belay the second Austrian and first Swiss were brought up. In order to haul a pack, however, the rope was pulled out of the carabiners, the metal loops attached to pitons, a costly mistake. There was now essentially no upper security for the rest of the climbers.

The morale of the four-man Swiss party was quite low, and a difficult situation was turning desperate. In fact, nearly all communication was virtually hysterical. A Swiss named Sepp, one of two Sepps in their party, had climbed to just below the crux of the overhang where he was directly in the stream of water and wet snow that ran over the thick ice.

He screamed, "Zug! Zug!" But no amount of pulling on the rope could help him. In a panicked effort he did nothing more than let go the holds he had. Gravity took care of the rest, and Sepp ended up 30 feet below. He was governed by emotion now and had no chance of climbing the overhang. His next try had exactly the same result. On the third attempt, as if he thought the rope had some magical qualities of lifting him to the summit, he cried and pleaded to be pulled upward. It was an incredible experience, like watching some ghastly and completely burlesque melodrama, the consequences of which have a bearing on your own life. He fell once more, and the ledge on which he landed this time was not so kind. He moaned that his ankle was broken and that he could not move.

Our climb now was turned into a rout, not by the mountain, for we had taken the worst it could give, but by a party of humans, their mistakes and their lack of self-control under pressure. Sepp's life and the lives of everyone else depended on someone reaching the summit and descending for help soon.

At this point Konrad called to me that the Swiss had completely lost their nerve. "I am afraid that we've had it if we stay with them," he said.

The Swiss were suffering from "survival madness," a sign of approaching death by exposure and exhaustion. Symptoms include incoherence and a lack of coordination evidently caused

continued



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by excess adrenaline. I suggested that we consider leaving the injured Sepp with down equipment and provisions and try to go on to the summit for help. But it was finally decided that we should stay together to guard against carelessness or wandering hopelessly off route.

Franz, the lead Swiss and by far their strongest member, descended a little, and together we belayed Konrad with one rope and hauled on still another. Using what tension we could apply, we got the injured Sepp up to our level. His broken ankle had apparently mended itself at the prospect of having to wait alone on the Eiger face.

It was now certain that darkness would catch us for still another night, our third, but we all preferred the idea of trying to continue moving, since hours of inactivity would only result in still more frostbite. In addition, we had begun to have that old feeling of doubt. You know. That slow realization that maybe the road you are on is a one-way street in the wrong direction. No panic, not even fear, just the strong impression of high odds against one—an unfair twist of luck after winning so much.

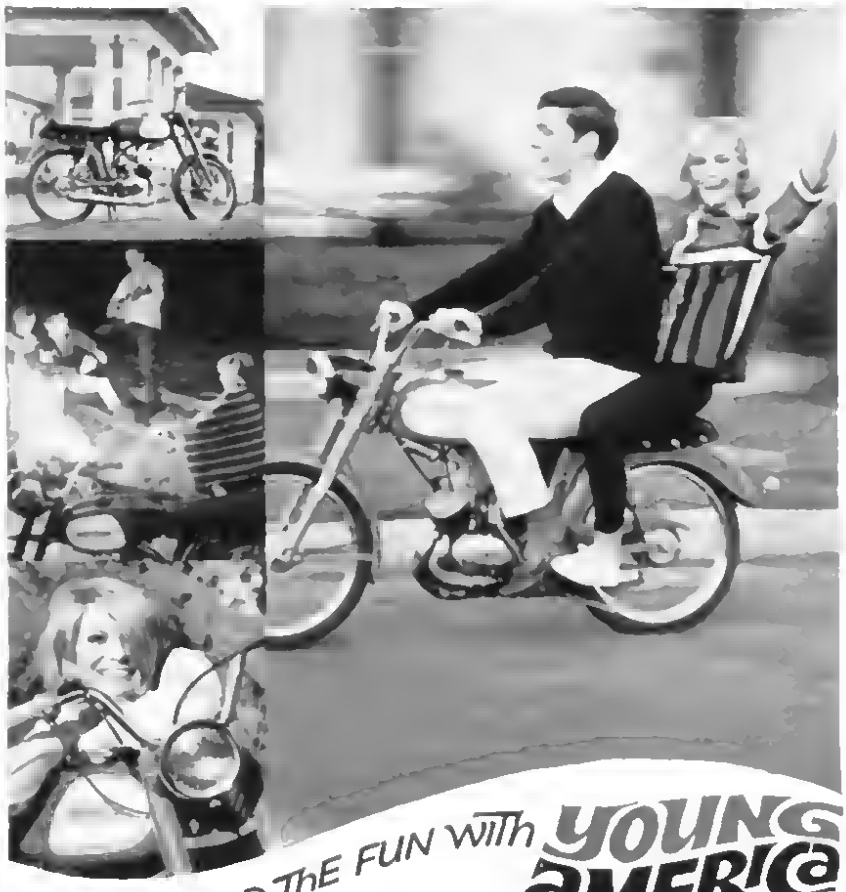
From the Corti Bivouac a diagonal rappel brought us to a vertical gully or chimney that vomited snow and rock at high pressure, indicating that this could be the principal exit crack.

All this time the Austrians were somewhere up above. The Swiss edged up, and now Konrad and I were alone at the bottom of the chimney. Only the front of our cramponed boots supported us in the snow, snow that covered ice on a 70-degree slope. The rock would not take a piton, and the ice was too thin to hold anything. There was no protection, and it had gotten dark. There was no mistaking that we were in trouble.

Konrad's head lamp would not light, and we could not find from those above if they were on the proper route. The wind, avalanches and the Swiss-German language formed a communication barrier. Finally we learned that they had bivouacked, standing up, 150 feet above.

I renewed my efforts to place a piton somewhere, anywhere, but could not. With our ax we excavated a ledge on which it was possible to sit if our heels were dug into the snow lower down. We sat and pulled the bivouac sack over our heads. Even though we had down socks and *pied d'elephant* sacks they were use-

continued



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less because in our position we could not risk trying to put them on. The only thing we dared do was loosen the straps of our crampons. Avalanches would hit the bivouac sack, with most of the snow sliding off the front. Underneath the sack, our principal problem was staying awake. Since there was nothing to which we could tie ourselves, to go to sleep meant a fall of 5,000 feet. We solved this by having one of us hold a candle with his fingertips placed up near the wick and the reservoir of hot wax. This way, if he nodded the candle would tip and the hot wax would hit his fingers and immediately wake him. In addition, we exercised our toes to a count rhythm throughout the night. As the hours passed our hopes for surviving the night increased.

Toward morning the temperature fell sharply, and the sky showed a break in the bad weather. At daylight we began climbing the chimney above. It was difficult, and Konrad took a short fall, but we were gaining altitude. The summit, although still out of sight, now seemed attainable. The Swiss were suffering seriously from frostbite. Their hands were becoming more and more clumsy. Yet progress was continuous and determined.

The angle of the exit chimney eased, and I began to enjoy the less difficult climbing. Finally the chimney opened up onto about 500 feet of downward sloping slabs. The snow on these slabs was powder, necessitating care. It was disconcerting, and I imagine everyone thought of Uly Wyss and his companion who had climbed the north wall, putting difficulty after difficulty behind them, only to fall here on these slabs. And then came a spot of color, the sun. We were on the Mittelegi Ridge. We could now see the panorama to the south, with this sunlit ridge leading up to our dream, the summit.

Clouds completely undercast the landscape, with only mountain masses penetrating the blanket. The sun was still low, giving us heat that was especially intense due to the reflecting layer of clouds below. The snow ridge leading to the summit cornice had the fantastic brilliance of a jewel lit from within. Chips of ice from ax blows were caught in the air and illuminated by the sun against a background of flawless blue. I thought to myself that to have such beauty in the last moment of success turns satisfaction to pure joy. END



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Mickey finds a game she likes

Last yeer the world's beat woman golfar quit tha pro tour forever, but a change of heart and a new philosophy hava her back—and winning

Almost as if it had never been missing, that headline is appearing again MICKEY WRIGHT SHOOTS 68 TO. . . The dateline changes St. Petersburg, Fla., March 17 . . . Delray Beach, Fla., March 25—but the story, like the headline, varies hardly at all. "Mickey Wright, off the women's golf tour most of last year with a wrist injury, shot a four-under-par 68 today. . . " And then last Sunday, over a Venice, Fla. dateline, the most familiar headline of all, MICKEY WRIGHT WINS BY SEVEN STROKES

But the return of Mickey Wright to the sport she abandoned last June is more interesting than that, abandoned being a hard word and the correct one. Her wrist aches and swells even now, and if it had been the reason and not the excuse for her quitting professional golf nine months ago she would still be home in Dallas.

What was involved, then and now, is the 31-year-old blonde's attitude toward a game that she has dominated since 1961. The best woman golfer ever, she left the pro tour loathing it. She was determined to give her life new direction, new dimension. As surely as any housewife ever felt enslaved by her Hoover, Mickey Wright felt trapped by golf. So she quit.

Now she has had second thoughts. And third thoughts and fourth thoughts, too, if the truth be told. She has returned to work quietly and for reasons that have nothing to do with fame, money, honors or the glory of the grand old game. "I've had all that," she says. "Never again, for example, will I get myself into the position of being the leading money winner." Nor will she care about it, she adds. Which sounds as unlikely as 007 burning his kill card.

Mickey Wright believes that she has a new appreciation for golf and a new attitude toward it. She has put the two together like so many locking pieces of an abstract-art jigsaw puzzle. In the time she spent away from the game she decided, in a sense, that she can play competitive golf without winning. She came to realize that golf did not have to demand so much from her. "You know, I've never really enjoyed anything before," she said the other day in Florida. "I believed that you had to succeed, you had to work and work to be the best. You had to get better and better, always strive to improve. There was no joy in it. There's a whole big bunch to be said for doing things just for the joy of it. It's living."

Try as she may, it will be hard for Mickey to become a mouse on the pro tour. About the only way she can avoid being leading money winner is by playing with hickory shafts or by not appearing very often. She prefers the second alternative. She is planning to compete in only about 20 of the 34 tournaments on the LPGA tour. And, much to the

continued



DETERMINED to be contented, Mickey Wright has decided that victory isn't vital anymore.



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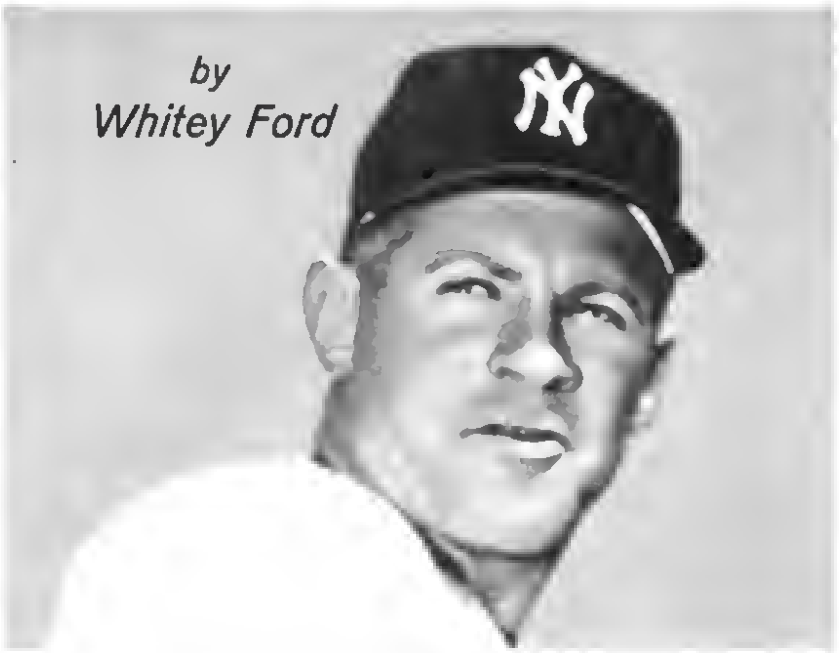
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by Whitey Ford



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When I decided to quit a few years ago, I went to work simply preventing the first puff. My doctor agreed that smoking was not good for my physical fitness and encouraged me.

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consternation of tournament sponsors, she will leave until the last minute the decision on where she plays and where she doesn't. For years she *was* the ladies' tour, but no more. "If I don't play often," she says hopefully, "I think I'll be more of a face in the crowd. That's what I want."

The face-in-the-crowd philosophy has evolved because Mickey Wright is an introspective, proud, idealistic woman, not just an electric rabbit charged with winning every race. Last summer when she quit golf, she returned to college—she had spent one year at Stanford before turning pro—thinking that might satisfy her. "You hear so much about college," she says. "I felt the only way to prove my intelligence was to go to school and get a degree. I was really hung on it."

Because of her natural inclination for analyzing—herself, others and possibly the electric rabbit if she were put to it—she decided to take up psychology. Her analysis of analysis: "It did nothing for me."

But during the two semesters she spent at Southern Methodist University she developed a taste for security. The apartment she has shared for years with two other girls in Dallas had never been anything but a place to drop her golf clubs. "From the time I was 19 until I was 27, I wasn't smart enough to know I was missing anything in life," she says. "All I knew was the motel way of living."

Leonard Wirtz, tournament director, father confessor, diet dispenser and fashion critic of the girls' golf tour, calls Mickey's new attitude escapism but is so glad to have her back that he is escapism's biggest booster. "She doesn't want to think she's trapped out here on the tour," he says. "No girl wants to." Yet Wirtz is not convinced Mickey will be able to hold herself to a limited schedule. "She's stubborn. A lot will depend on how much she practices when she's not on the tour. I know Mickey Wright. She doesn't like to run second. Let her lose awhile and she'll be out here a lot, playing like hell."

Maybe. Maybe not. "You know when I had that 68 at St. Pete," she said the other day, "it really made my trip to Florida. I could have shot 75-75 after that and . . . well, maybe not have been pleased but not have been angry. As it was, I shot a 74 the last round. A year ago I would have had a golf club up until midnight. I've changed." Still, it is

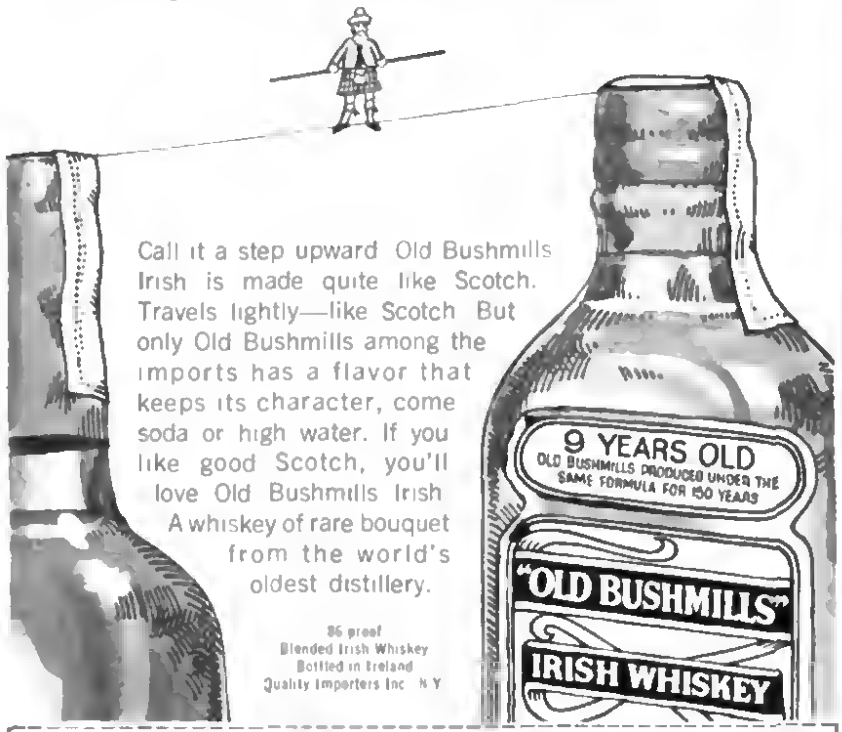
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Trend
by Hundley of York

probably best that no one was there to see if she had the club up all night at Delray the next week when she followed her first-round 68 with a second-round 78—a score caused by some wild hooks that may be a continuing problem because of her weak wrist.

Ask Mickey Wright what pleases her now and she will say, "Appreciation. I think that I have become old enough and mature enough to help someone. I want to stay in the sport, in some area of golf. Maybe teaching. I think that could be satisfying."

"Aw," says Lenny Wirtz, "I can't see her down in Dallas watching some fat old lady swing and swing and swing. She's too impatient." But patience is what Mickey claims she has found. For the first time she is looking at golf as a lifelong career. "A man who runs a drugstore," she says, "works out his life there. My 84-year-old father has practiced the same kind of law since he started. People don't question if that can be enough of a life. Professional sports should be like any other career. I think it's a shame for a football player to spend six or seven years in the pros and then turn around and take up insurance and make use of the name he made in sport in another way. He's cheating himself and others, too. He learned to be the best at what he did. It's too bad when he doesn't stick with it, as a coach or something."

The return of Mickey Wright, new philosophy or old, has already had its effect on the ladies' tour. As of last Sunday she had played in three tournaments, finished third, third, first, and won $3,020. The confidence that her challengers had built up in her absence has dwindled, and suddenly that extra $1,000 they had grown accustomed to cutting up each week is gone. The press wants to talk to Mickey, and the crowds follow her, and it is hard on the self-esteem of all the others.

Yet it is particularly fitting that she has found a way to remain in golf. A week ago Carol Mann, who won the U.S. Women's Open after Mickey quit, said: "Psychologically, Mickey Wright is a great standard. She is *the* standard. When some of us were winning last year, we would wonder—we wouldn't dwell on it, but we'd wonder—if she had been here, would we have won?"

No need to wonder now, ladies. Mickey Wright is back. END

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Major bid for the Olympiad

For three weeks this spring the best American bridge players will be more or less joining the Jet Set as they compete in the two most important of all international events. The first is the World Team Championship in St. Vincent, Italy late this month. Immediately after that the players will move on to Amsterdam for the World Pair Olympiad. There are three separate competitions — Open Pair, Women's Pair and Mixed Pair — to be contested by players from all member countries of the World Bridge Federation, and the U.S. will be fully represented. To help defray the substantial travel bill involved, the American Contract Bridge League recently conducted a special Olympiad Fund Game, in which the same hands were played by 2,000 pairs in some 75 cities. Included in these hands was the one shown here, a very reasonable grand-slam contract, even though almost nobody bid it.

continued

East-West vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ 9 8 7 6 2
♥ A Q 5
♦ Q 8 2
♣ A K

WEST
♠ K 3
♥ 10 9 8 6
♦ 6 5 3
♣ 8 7 4 3

EAST
♠ A Q J 10 5 4
♥ K J 7 2
♦ 7
♣ 10 6

SOUTH
♠ —
♥ 4 3
♦ A K J 10 9 4
♣ Q J 9 5 2

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 ♦	2 ♦	PASS	2 ♦
PASS	3 ♦	PASS	3 ♦
PASS	4 ♦	PASS	5 N.T.
PASS	7 ♦	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: 10 of hearts



Harry rode to class all week, to the library twice, made three trips to Dirty Mac's, and five runs to sororityville ...and still had enough in his budget for a night on the town.

Harry is a sly dog. He's one of the few guys around whose transportation isn't keeping him broke (he runs his Bridgestone 90 Sport for a week on what a lot of fellows spend just for oil).

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Then there are Harry's fringe benefits: Besides moving out in style, big-hearted Harry can afford to run his own taxi service (for lovelies only). There's also Harry's Motorcycle Driving School (which meets every Saturday morning in front of the girls dormitory). Because Harry runs both these "operations" for pennies a week, he has money left to spend on important things (like his passengers and his fledgling riders).

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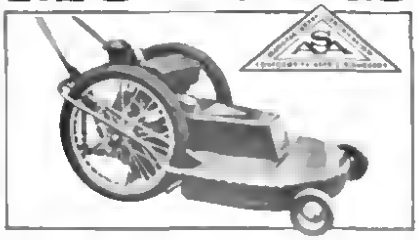
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Bidding and making a slam is rare when the opponents have opened the bidding, so perhaps it is not surprising that few pairs considered seven and many did not even reach six, which is no trouble to make. The key bid in the auction—South's jump to four spades—may seem shocking. However, this is an example of one of the few modern gadget bids with which I am in sympathy. It gives a valuable meaning to an otherwise useless bid and it can be explained in just six words: "An unusual jump shows a void."

North had an immediate problem after partner's two-diamond overcall. His cue bid of two spades was the only forcing bid available and did not promise that he had anything particular in the spade suit.

After South bid his club suit, North showed diamond support, leaving the next move to South. When this turned out to be the jump to four spades, announcing a void and interest in a diamond slam, North could visualize a perfect fit. He gambled slightly by reaching toward a grand slam with an old-fashioned bid: a five-no-trump call that demanded a seven contract if South had two of the top three trump honors. With ace-king of diamonds, South obeyed orders.

Warned away from the spade lead, West led the 10 of hearts. South could not consider taking a finesse; East surely had the heart king because of his opening bid. So dummy's ace was played, with declarer hoping to discard dummy's hearts on his own clubs. This is easy if trumps divide, but after two rounds of trumps South found that East began with only one. Now his lone chance was that West would have to follow to four rounds of clubs.

The ace and king of clubs were cashed. South reentered his hand with a high spade ruff and cashed two more clubs. West had to follow, so dummy's heart losers were discarded. It was now a simple matter to ruff South's remaining heart with dummy's last diamond, ruff a spade with a high trump, draw West's last trump and claim the grand slam. South can take credit for his fine void-showing bid. But if West had held one less club the contract would have failed and no doubt South would have complained at great length about his partner's overbidding. **END**

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A CASE OF CONSCIENCE

BY JACK OLSEN

Call him Cassius Clay or Muhammad Ali, the Muslim name he prefers. He is the best-known athlete in the world. He is also the most hated, and an enigma even to those closest to him. In this first installment of a five-part series the writer probes beneath the bombast and doggerel that have characterized Clay's public life and reveals a hardheaded bigot who can be more unpleasant than his critics imagined. But underlying the demagoguery and deviltry is the conscience of a genuine objector. Conscience, in fact, is a theme that runs through Cassius Clay's life—his own, often misguided, and that of the society which spawned him

It is one of those houses that always seem stuffy, where the warm smell of dinner hangs around till the next morning, and you can reconstruct the previous night's menu by sniffing in corners. In this house there is the constant presence of Negroes, of too many humans for the size of the place, whatever their color. They drift in and out: celebrity Negroes, little pickaninny Negroes, big sparring-partner Negroes, door-to-door salesman Negroes, neatly dressed Muslim Negroes, old Negroes in skinny yellow shoes, young Negroes in porkpie hats, affluent Negroes driving black Cadillacs. In this house, kept neat and tidy by three uniformed Muslim "sisters," there remains something of the atmosphere of a "colored only" waiting room on the main line of the Florida East Coast Railway.

In a tiny front bedroom of the small bungalow in a shabby section of northwest Miami, the world's heavyweight champion lay half awake, undergoing an interview about his early life, trying not to tell too much, partially because there are portions that are painful to him and partially because he is under the impression that his "whole life story, as told by me myself," is a precious commodity worth a minimum *continued*

Mirror images of recent news photos reflect the many moods of the champion.

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of $50,000. The telephone rang on the cluttered dresser next to the bed, and Cassius Clay, in his role as Muhammad Ali, picked it up and said a dignified "hello." The caller was a local television personality, a man who could generate publicity; so the champ loosened up.

"Hello, Mis-ter Ed Lane," he said cheerfully. This is one of Clay's trademarks: calling white men by both their names. He likes to spot you approaching, and when you come into range he beams and throws out with mock pomposity and careful syllabilization: "An-ge-lo Dun-dee!" "Gor-don Da-vid-son!" "Gil-bert Ro-gin!" That is, if he remembers your name. It takes many exposures to a white man before his name sinks into the consciousness of Cassius Clay. This is because he has erected a sort of racial curtain that screens whites out of his emotional life. A white man's name is of no importance to him, nor are "whiteys" themselves, except insofar as they can further his career.

Mr. Ed ("Mark 'Em Down") Lane, who until his recent death conducted conversational television interviews on a Miami station, fell in this latter category. "How you feeling?" Cassius asked. Lane remarked that the champion's name was all over the newspapers again that morning, whereupon Cassius began one of his Greek-chorus speeches, a mock lament that sounded as though it had been written the night before, rehearsed for several hours and saved for just such an auspicious occasion as a telephone call from Lane.

"I stay in the paper, don't I?" Cassius said softly into the phone. "Poor old me. Always in the press. Man, man! What do people *think* about me? A young 24-year-old boy, just a athlete, in the headlines eight times out of 10 for something other than boxing and always something controversial, exciting and drama. Year in, year out. Month after month, never dies, and I manage to come through it strong, and trained, too. What do people think about me?"

Seldom in the long history of rhetorical questions has one been answered so quickly and thoroughly. Within a few days Cassius had popped off about the draft, and newspaper editorial writers and columnists and statesmen and Bowery bums were telling the world heavyweight champion what they thought about him in some of the strongest language ever used to describe a sports figure. He was "a self-centered spoiled brat of a child," "a sad apology for a man," "the all-time jerk of the boxing world," "the most disgusting character in memory to appear on the sports scene." "Bum of the month. Bum of the year. Bum of all time."

The governor of Illinois found Clay "disgusting," and the governor of Maine said Clay "should be held in utter contempt by every patriotic American." An American Legion post in Miami asked people to "join in condemnation of this unpatriotic, loudmouthed, bombastic individual," and dirty mail began to arrive at Clay's Miami address. ("You're nothing but a yellow nigger," said a typical correspondent, one of many who forgot to sign their names.) The *Chicago Tribune* waged a choleric campaign against holding the next Clay fight in Chicago; the newspaper's attitude seemed to be that thousands of impressionable young Chicagoans would go over to the Viet Cong if Cassius were allowed to engage in fisticuffs in that sensitive city.

Amplified by the newspaper (on one day it ran 11 items about Clay), the noise became a din, the drumbeats of a holy war. TV and radio commentators, little old ladies from Champaign-Urbana, bookmakers and parish priests, armchair strategists at the Pentagon and politicians all over the place joined in a crescendo of get-Cassius clamor.

There were a few amateur psychologists who wondered if there might have been more to the public uproar than simple patriotism. "Doesn't it seem that people got madder than they should have?" an observer asked. "The thing is, Americans have become so guilty about Negroes that they bend over further than they want to in their attitude toward them. Then along comes somebody like Cassius, and they feel free to unload their resentment and pour it on."

Did he mean that some of the complainants might have been motivated by some factor as evil as race prejudice?

"Well, the people who made the biggest fuss about him are the same ones who blew their tops when he became a Muslim. This made him antiwhite, and it inflamed their own prejudices. So they could scream about him, and what makes it nice is it's socially acceptable."

Whatever the underlying reasons, the bombilating Kentucky Negro had managed to rub the whole country the wrong way, and it had become necessary for the whole country to rise up in anger. As Clay's personal physician, the astute Ferdie Pacheco of Miami, explained: "We're getting back to the Korean war status, where the guy who goes into the Army is no longer a jerk but a man who's doing his duty and is to be applauded. Now comes Cassius saying he ain't got nothing against no Viet Congs. Had he come out a year ago with that, many people might have said, 'Well, another Clay wittieism.' Now he says it and he sounds like a traitor. And then he compounds the problem by saying it's a white man's war when there's a lot of colored people over there dying."

Said a Miami newspaperman who had studied and enjoyed Clay for six years: "Every time I begin to think that he really has the makings of a sweet person he does something like this, something so outrageous. Some of that stuff he's spouting is almost treason. Can you imagine what's gonna happen when he goes in the Army with some sergeant from south Georgia who's had about eight buddies killed in Vietnam?"

Even one of Clay's favorite people, his aunt, Mary Turner, a mathematics teacher in Louisville, spoke out. "He's gonna mess himself up so won't nobody go see him," Mrs. Turner said, with typical Clay-family bluntness. "Most folks feel like I do: when their sons get ready to go to the Army, they'll just pack the suitcases and go."

No one who was around Clay during those days when the draft board was getting ready to reclassify him believed that Cassius would "just pack the suitcases and go." Clay himself was the most surprised person in Miami when the draft Board moved him into 1-A; right

continued



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up to the moment of the announcement he had steadfastly believed that he and the Black Muslims and Leader Elijah Muhammad held some sort of power over the government. As Clay confided to a friend one morning, "They're trying to call me to the Army. Man, they know I ain't going in no Army! They ain't gonna bother me! There's too many people in the world watching me, see, and all of those black people overseas, they're Muslims, they're not Christians. And America's trying to make peace with 'em, and if they give me. . . ."

His voice trailed off, and then he resumed his soliloquy in mocking, strident tones: "But Uncle Sam is a powerful man, and when Uncle Sam say 'Greeeeeeeeetings,' you go! Yeh, man!" His voice turned serious again. "Yeh, Elijah Muhammad's a powerful man. Whatever he say goes. Uncle Sam is in wars, wars everywhere, wars all over the country, everybody's at war today. . . ."

Now he began an explanation of how he was sacrificing millions of dollars by being a Muslim, but how in the long run he could do more for the cause of the Negro by sticking to his adopted religion and letting the cash go. "All this stuff I turned down," he said, "and I'll show you where it make me bigger. Look how big I am. I got a call from Washington, the Pentagon called me. They said, 'We won't draft you. We've got to fake it because of the public. This has never happened before. We've never had to cope with no one like this before. This is a high office calling!' That's power. They know I'm not going."

He took a short telephone call, then went on: "I got invitations now. Haile Selassie want to see me in Ethiopia. That's a Moslem country. Ben Bella want to see me in Algeria. King Saud want to see me in Saudi Arabia. King Feisal want to see me in Sudan. President Nasser of Egypt want to see me. These are men own their own countries. Powerful men, man! They own the land, they own millions of acres and control millions of people. . . .

"The white want me hugging on a white woman, or endorsing some whiskey, or some skin bleach, lightening the skin when I'm promoting black as the best. . . . They want me advertising all this stuff that'd make me rich but hurt so many others. But by me sacrificing a little wealth I'm helping so many others. Little children can come by and meet the champ. Little kids in the alleys and slums of Florida and New York, they can come and see me where they never could walk up on Patterson and Liston. Can't see *them* niggers when they come to town! So the white man see the power in this. He see that I'm getting away with the Army backing offa me. . . They see who's not flying the flag, not going in the Army; we get more respect. . . ."

Clay picked up a few back issues of *Muhammad Speaks*, the house organ of the Black Muslim movement, and pointed out several vicious cartoons. One of them showed Uncle Sam whispering to the President: "Hurry! Sign all those niggers into war so they won't be left behind us! . . . Let our own sons stay behind in colleges and universities! . . . No, we know we can't win!" In his hand Uncle Sam holds a paper titled: BILLS TO GIVE NEGROES DEATH IN THIS WAR. A young Negro man stands to one side, thinking, "What shall I do or say?" and a tough-looking white man stands behind him saying, "G'wan, nigger, don't ask no questions!"

Another cartoon showed a Ku Klux Klansman starting to hang a Negro. Uncle Sam is grabbing the Klansman and saying, "Hold it, stupid! We don't lynch niggers like that nowadays—we can draft them and get the same results."

"Look at those cartoons," Clay instructed. "Look how bold our leader is. You know I gotta respect and obey a man as bold as that. If the government don't do nothing about it, then I gotta respect him."

A few nights later, after Cassius had been firmly entrenched in 1-A, a group of young men assembled in the living room of Clay's small house in Miami. "We're here to see something big!" Clay advised me as I entered.

"Have a seat!" said Sam Saxon, one of the most enigmatic figures about Clay. "Cap'n Sam" functions as a sergeant at arms in a Miami mosque of the Muslims, and Cassius himself has referred to Saxon as "my bodyguard" (and at other times complained about newspapermen who used the same word to describe Saxon). Sam was one of Clay's earliest mentors in Black Muslimism and now has been promoted to the post of aide-de-training-camp at a salary of $150 a week, more than he makes on his regular job as a shoeshiner at racetracks around Miami. Saxon is a powerful Negro with blacksmith's arms, light reddish-brown skin and brownish-amber eyes, a graceful man with an easy step and a shy smile that shows thin gold linings on his teeth. When he gets excited, his voice rises an octave and his words double in tempo, like a caricature Negro in an early film. But most of the time he is quiet and steady, a rock for Cassius to lean on, and although many oldtimers claim that Saxon is one of the foremost white-haters in the Muslim movement, he is capable of an occasional act of fellowship, such as borrowing your car or shaking your hand. "Sometimes I get the feeling that Sam is putting me on, or putting the Muslims on, or putting *somebody* on," says a friend. Perhaps this is because Saxon has at least a slight sense of humor, the rarest personality trait in the confraternity of the Black Muslims.

Sitting at the dining room table that night was Rudolph Arnett Clay, whose father belatedly rechristened him Rudolph Valentino Clay and who has rechristened himself Rahman Ali. The younger brother of Cassius Clay, Rahman (pronounced *Rock*mon) was writing a letter home to his young wife in Chicago. He was giving the task intense concentration except for occasional glances toward the television set that had been rolled into the stuffy living-dining area for the occasion. Rudolph is a very black, mustached man of 22 years and striking appearance. Another of Elijah Muhammad's true believers, he is also said to be an extreme hater of whites, although he is civil to white devils. It is only after several talks with him that you begin to realize he is giving you the bare minimum of shrift with a friendly smile on his face.

Reggie, a taciturn driver and general

continued

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UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

helper, was also in the assemblage that warm evening in Miami, as were a few anonymous Negroes, the kind who wander off the street and are invited inside by Cassius because he admires their pigmentation. In the kitchen three Muslim "sisters" puttered about in their severe white dresses, disassembling the evening meal. Back in a corner of the living room, out of the way of the men in the true Muslim tradition, sat an attractive Negro girl who conspicuously was not introduced to me. She remained silent throughout the evening. The entertainment before the house was the CBS news, and Senator Wayne Morse was denouncing the U.S. role in Vietnam.

"See that?" said Cassius. "All of them big men, they're saying we shouldn't go."

The group watched silently as Senator Russell Long asked General Maxwell Taylor if the United States was the international good guy or the international bad guy. Then the camera zoomed in on a newsman interviewing a GI at the front while shells exploded in the background. Cassius craned forward and said, "Is that real shooting going on?" He was assured it was. The GI told his interviewer that "if I had anything to say about it, I'd go home and spend a little time and come back again." This brought a titter to the room.

Inmates of the Indiana Girls' School rioted on the TV screen, moving Clay to shout, "It's the end of time," a favorite theme of his that he shares with his real father, Cassius Clay Sr., and his spiritual father, Elijah Muhammad. "We're in the last days! The last days!"

And suddenly a hush came over the room, Cassius Clay, the one and only Muhammad Ali, was on TV spitting out his antidraft speech to Interviewer Bob Halloran. "Yes, sir, that was a *great* surprise to me. It was not me who said that I was classified 1-Y the last time. . . . It was the government who said that I'm not able. . . . Now in order to be 1-A I do not remember being called nowhere to be reclassified as 1-A. These fellows got together and made the statement that I'm 1-A without knowing if I'm as good as I was the last time or better. Now they had 30 men to pick from in Louisville, and I'm also sure that there are at least 30 young men that they could have picked from. Instead they picked out the heavyweight champion of the whole world. There's just one in my class. You have a lot of men in baseball they could have called. You have a lot of men in football they coulda called. You have a lotta men that they coulda called that are of school age and have taken the test that are 1-A. Now, I was not 1-A the last time I was tested. All of a sudden they seem to be anxious to push me in the Army. . . . And another thing I don't understand: Why me? A man who pays the salary of at least 50,000 men in Vietnam, a man who the government gets $6 million from a year from two fights, a man who can pay in two fights for three bumma planes—"

The undignified interview came to an undignified end in mid-sentence, and Cassius was on his feet in the room.

"That was a good one, wasn't it?" he asked nobody and everybody. "Did Lyndon Johnson watch that? Is he watching this news or the other one?"

Saxon said, "He's got 'em both on: one set on one and one on the other. Even if he missed it, he'll get the tape of it."

Cassius let that sink in, found it reasonable and began to muse. "Yes, sir, three bumma planes. . . . That told 'em. . . . That make it clear. . . ."

Billy Graham came on the screen, and a dialogue began between the North Carolina evangelist, inside the tube, and Sam Saxon, sitting on the sofa.

Graham. We know that things cannot go on as they are. History is about to reach an impasse.

Saxon: You tell 'em.

Graham: We are now on a collision course. Something is about to give!

Saxon: That's right!

Graham: Hard major decisions have to be made!

Saxon: Yeh!

Graham. Crisis presses in around us!

Saxon: Teach!

Graham faded and President Johnson came on, telling about a letter he had received from a woman whose son had died in Vietnam. From his first words—"In these troubled times"—the group found the President vastly amusing.

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CASSIUS CLAY

"Listen to Johnson," Saxon said with a wide grin.

". . . I am sustained by much more than my own prayer," the President said.

"Talk to 'em!" Saxon said as someone giggled.

President Johnson read the letter that ended "So we asked God to bless you and your little family."

"Sing it, *President!*" Saxon said.

When the newscast ended, Clay announced, "Elijah Muhammad been saying 1966 will be the end," as though the program *Newsnight* had confirmed that the final year was at hand. "Years ago he was saying the same thing. Thirty years ago." Clay mumbled aloud about the President for a few seconds, but all I could make out clearly was, "I wonder if he had me on." *Stars in My Crown*, a homey movie about a southern preacher, came to the screen, but it did not suit the champion's taste. "C'mon," he said brusquely to the mystery girl in the corner, "we goin' fo' a walk."

The next morning the champion had an early telephone call from Chicago. He was told that Chicago newspapers were on the street with stories that he would have to go in the Army, and the fight would be canceled. The stories would kill the gate, Cassius was told, and he'd better correct them if he wanted to make any money out of the fight.

Clay sat in his underwear next to the living room phone and began burning up the long-distance wires. "Hello, may I speak to Leo Fischer? Hello, Mr. Fischer? This is Muhammad Ali, the world heavyweight champion. Ben Bentley was talking to my lawyers about the fight. Something was out up there about the fight was off. . . Well, it's not. We're gonna appeal. . . Well, it's in the Islamic belief. We don't bear weapons. We don't fight in wars unless it's a war declared by Allah . . . Allah . . . Allah . . . Al-LAH! That right. Anyone who understands the Holy Qur-an or the Islamic religion, this is nothin' new or nothing . . . I see where the whites themselves are arguing, even in the White House they're on TV arguing every day. They're saying they're gonna get out, and they don't like it. I see whites burning up their draft cards, and they say it's a nasty

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war and we shouldn't be in it. That's what the senators and officials of the government themselves are saying. So our religion teaches me we don't participate in wars to take the lives of other humans. . . . Well, I don't think they could be mad at me about my religion. . . . Yeh, well, if their religion don't teach it, I guess they go . . ."

After a few such calls he dialed a reporter (perhaps from the *Tribune*) who wanted to debate the subject, and Cassius went to the bedroom phone, shut the door and accepted the challenge. An occasional phrase was audible. "Well, we'll make the appeal, and the fight'll go on. . . . We don't take up no weapons in no war unless it's a war declared by Allah himself. We are taught to defend ourselves if attacked. . . . No, I don't know nothing about no Viet Congs . . . Well, the whites themselves have been demonstrating against the war. They're mad at the war. . . ."

When the argument finally ended and Cassius stomped back through the living room in his battle raiment of undershirt, undershorts and socks, I said, "Haven't you got enough to do?"

"Don't they keep me going?" he said, and laughed, pleased with his busy morning's work. Later, when his words on the draft were thrown back at him by editorial writers and columnists, he claimed that they had "taken my words as though I'm a politician," and he issued broad hints to the effect that he was just a poor little ignorant fighter and he had been tricked and it was unfair to quote him on Vietnam and the draft and such weighty matters.

"As usual, you know me and my big mouth," he said. "It didn't get me in trouble in the past, but I spoke out on a few things that could be considered politics and I had no business doing it. . . . I feel a lot better after calling, apologizing to the commission and the boxing authorities who I put on a limb and caused 'em national embarrassment. . . . I'm known for talking a lot."

These weaselly alibis were not the real Cassius. They were dreamed up by people close to the money end of the fight, and he was mouthing the words as a personal favor to them. But his explosive remarks to the press on the phone that morning had represented the most serious side of Cassius Clay, a fanatically religious side that only his closest friends understand. They were not surprised when Clay journeyed to the Illinois Athletic Commission and refused to recant. After all, Clay *is* a Black Muslim; his god *is* Allah, his hero *is* Elijah Poole, now known as Elijah Muhammad. Muhammad, the "Messenger of Allah," served three years in prison during World War II for urging his flock not to go to war, and by his own reckoning, nearly a hundred Black Muslims went to jail for taking his advice. Clay identifies closely with Elijah Muhammad and takes orders from no one else.

"Cassius was searching for a father," said a close relative, "and Elijah Muhammad is it. If Elijah tell him don't go to war, go to jail, he'll go to jail. That man have Cassius by the nose."

Muhammad's book *Message to the Blackman*, is studied by Cassius like a Bible. (Since his reading speed is below average, Clay often has passages read to him. He even enlisted me for the task once.) The dominant theme of Muhammad's book is hatred of the whites. Beneath the fanciful tales about half-mile "wheels" in the sky, "1,500 bombing planes" preparing to wing down to earth and drop steel bombs into the earth on behalf of Allah, hidden in all the wild-eyed prognostication is a simple genocidal declaration of war. "The only way to end war between man and man is to destroy the warmaker. . . . According to the history of the white race (devils), they are guilty of making trouble, causing war among the people and themselves ever since they have been on our planet, Earth. So God . . . has decided to remove them from the face of the Earth. . . . Allah will fight this war for the sake of His people (the black people), and especially, for the American so-called Negroes. . . . We are Allah's choice to give life, and we will be put on top of civilization." America will fall, Elijah predicts, "in 1965 and 1966."

Cassius Clay has a blind and total belief in every word of *Message to the*

continued

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Blackman, and thus he becomes a rare individual: a genuine, if misguided, conscientious objector. As a professional observer and friend of Clay's pointed out: "The government may say his religion is nutty as a fruitcake, but the government can't say it's not *his* religion. Now how the hell are you gonna send a kid like that to fight against people of color, *his* people? How the hell are you gonna send him into battle alongside white Americans that he regards as the real enemy? That kid has a sincere, true, deep hatred of whites that goes all the way back to his childhood and the way his father brought him up. You meet the old man, and you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. He set up an environment that made the Black Muslims or some other hate-white movement perfect for the kid. Some of these Black Muslims are just tough white-haters who find it convenient to belong. It keeps 'em out of the hot sun, and a lot of 'em are making a buck off the religion, but Clay's really and truly hooked. The William Morris Agency told him he'd make a quarter of a million dollars a year in endorsements and advertising. About a week later he announced he was a Black Muslim and the William Morris deal was as dead as a duck. He hasn't made a nickel off it since. Does that sound like somebody who's faking his religion?"

The idea of Cassius Clay's going to jail for draft-dodging would have brought a loud horselaugh not many years ago. "I am going to be a clean and sparkling champion," the young man from Louisville had said, and he was. No smoking. No drinking. No messing around (well, not much messing around). He was hailed as "the new white hope," of boxing by at least one enthusiastic writer. His cheerful pronouncements ("If Cassius say a mosquito can pull a plow, don't argue. Hitch him up!") brought laughs from people who had had no previous interest in boxing, and attendance climbed. Boxing had hit bottom in 1950, with total receipts down to less than $4 million. With Cassius carrying on, the sport took in $7.8 million in 1963, $18.1 million in 1964, another $8.9 million in 1965.

His antics benefited every division, and if he was a little wide in the mouth, who cared? It was all in a spirit of good humor, the public knew the kid was just building gates, and wasn't he good to his mother and father? His Buddha-shaped mother, Odessa Grady Clay, the very prototype of the sweet, kindly southern Negro mammy, raved about him to the press: "He used to say, 'When I become champ I'm gonna buy you this and buy you that.' And he'd sit and talk for hours at a time when he was 12 years old. He was gonna get me a house and furniture and a car and travel. *And he have done all those things.*"

Even allowing for the ex post facto mythmaking that grows up around champions, Clay seems to have called the shot on an impressive number of achievements, including his Golden Gloves championship, his Olympic gold medal and his heavyweight championship of the world. His knockout predictions ("Powell must fall in three") were usually about stiffs, but it is not easy to flatten even a stiff in an appointed round, and the forecasts added zest to his appearances.

But as he got bigger and bigger, Clay began losing his sense of proportion. He seemed to skate right to the edge of mania in his prefight scenes. He lost track of the difference between buffoonery and nastiness, and the public began to sour on him. People close to him tried to make explanations and apologies. "I'll never understand the resentment of his popping off," said Angelo Dundee, the best trainer in the fight business. "I remember when I was younger, hearing the people talk about, 'Gee, Joe Louis is a great fighter, but he can't talk,' and today, you have a fellow who talks and fights, and there's resentment. There's no figuring the public. The public is a tough customer to be satisfied."

So were the writers, especially after Clay began openly espousing the principles of Elijah Muhammad. "Clay is likely to hurt the sport badly by his ideologization of it," William F. Buckley wrote. "One can only hope that, to put it ineptly, someone will succeed in knocking some sense into Clay's head before he is done damaging the sport and the country, which, however much he now disdains it, gave him the oppor-

continued

The Plight of an Island Named Smith

The island complex that composes Cape Fear, North Carolina has always been threatened by the sea, but it has remained untamed. Now a developer wants to turn it into a resort area **by ELLINGTON WHITE**

An astronaut wheeling around the globe might view Smith Island as a small green chip floating off the coast of North Carolina, a band of trees crossing one end, a blanket of marsh covering the other. He might notice its triangular shape. He might even have time to observe the white water jumping over the shoals: a pretty sight from his lofty perch, but hardly more than that. Surely he would smile at the following description of Smith Island, written at a time when men circled the globe in ships:

". . . a naked, bleak elbow of sand, jutting far out into the ocean. Immediately in its front are the Frying Pan Shoals pushing out still further twenty miles to sea. Together they stand for warning and woe, and together they catch the long majestic roll of the Atlantic as it sweeps through a thousand miles of grandeur and power, from the Arctic towards the Gulf. It is the playground of billows and tempests, the kingdom of silence and awe, disturbed by no sound, save the sea gull's shriek and breakers' roar. Its whole aspect is suggestive, not of repose and beauty, but of desolation and terror. Imagination cannot adorn it. Romance cannot hallow it. Local pride cannot soften it. There it stands today, bleak and threatening, and pitiless, as it stood three hundred years ago . . . And there it will stand, bleak, and threatening, and pitiless, until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. And, as its nature, so its name, is now, and always has been, and always will be, the Cape of Fear."

The Cape of Fear. How quaint that sounds today, when cameras scan the moon and the air rattles with jets booming overhead. The only cape the astronaut cares anything about is Cape Kennedy. (But why, one wonders, has he never come back to earth with any description to match the mariner's?)

While the capsule hurtles on its way, passing by now over Bermuda, the great Ship of State from which it was launched plunges on through the 20th century, bow down, decks jammed with people. Occasionally a few tired souls—tired of the press, tired of the clamor, tired of the smoke pouring from the Ship's millions of funnels—will climb down the sides and journey back in time to Smith Island. A water journey is always the best journey, and it is by water that you reach Smith Island. There is no other

continued



HOUSES MAY SOON RISE HERE WHERE ONLY SEA OATS GROW, AND THERE IS EVEN TALK OF A DISNEYLAND-TYPE AMUSEMENT CENTER

way, unless you own a helicopter. Consequently, because boats are not yet as numerous as cars, Smith Island lives a life apart from the mainland. Hawks soar among the dunes, sea oats lean with the wind and under the warm sand hatching loggerhead turtles struggle through the darkness to reach the sunlight. But not before the astronaut has reached Africa.

When I went out to Smith Island recently it was after a day-long drive on the Ocean Highway south from Norfolk, a moderately pleasant road now that Interstate 95 has siphoned off most of the traffic, but a road, nevertheless, that carries you through a tattered fringe of the Atlantic seaboard that derives much of its income from tourists. Signs knock holes in your head. UNWANTED HAIR REMOVED PERMANENTLY. MOTHER DORA, INDIAN ADVISER. HEATER. HOT WATER HEAT. JUSTICE-PEACE. LAST CONFEDERATE SEAPORT. WHERE THE PINE AND THE PALM MEET. The only palms I saw north of Wilmington were sad, displaced things withering in front of already withered motels. At one beach I found the ocean breaking on all but deserted shoreline, while not a block away a shopping center was selling to a packed house, as though the idea of a vacation was to buy not to swim, better still to buy in swimming suits. I did see two boys on the beach. They were playing fungo with a dead fish.

This is what has happened to a great part of the Atlantic seaboard. Tawdry and trivial. All that grand sweep of water and sand, a coastline unlike any on earth, and we have buried it beneath seafood platters and heaping piles of catsupy french fries.

Against such a background Smith Island is a freak, an anachronism, a mistake, a geographical error. On the day I rode out there—a city man in a bumpy little boat loaded with gasoline and groceries, an uncertain mainlander—I felt that I was on my way to some strange, forbidden land. When uncertain Dante emerged from his dark wood he had confident Virgil to guide him. I had Reese Swan, caretaker of the island, a man who had grown up on the place but who would not sleep there alone without a lantern burning nearby. "Noises," he said, "you hear all these noises." I wonder whether Reese's father Captain Charlie Swan, lighthouse keeper on Smith Island for 30 years, who died at the age of 91, heard those noises or whether they were not something only modern, urban men could hear. I know I heard them all night long, while lying in the old man's house, I heard the sea's monologue, the trees' dialogue and the dunes walking around the house, scratching at the windows.

Captain Charlie's house is one of three built around 1900 by the U.S. Lighthouse Establishment. They sit huddled together on Bald Head Island, the highest and largest island in the Smith Island complex. Two of the houses are in various degrees of collapse, but Captain Charlie's is still intact. Perhaps, like Captain Charlie, it is determined to last.

To reach Bald Head, Reese takes his boat across Southport Bay, a wide body of water at the mouth of the Cape Fear River and then up a looping tidal creek that runs through the marsh behind Bald Head. Here he transfers to an International Scout—again bumpy, again loaded with gasoline and groceries—and plods overland, first through a dense forest of oaks, cedars and palm trees, and then along the beach. This forest, whose live oaks average 40 to 45 feet in height, is among the last of its kind on the Atlantic Coast, exemplifying as it does the so-called "salt spray climax," the idea that the form of coastal plants is determined by salt water drenching them from the surf.

Coming out of the forest, the road passes among a number of ruined buildings, which go back in time to that era in Bald Head's history when the Coast Guard manned a station on it. Actually the island has known a number of eras, some distinct, some overlapping. First Indians occupied it and then pirates, the most famous of whom, Stede Bonnet, would lead ships onto the shoals with false lights and then attack them. Later pilots moved over from the mainland. Captain Charlie himself has left a record of that era. "Piloting was a highly competitive business in those days [the 1880s]. The first pilot-boat to reach a ship preparing to enter the harbor, got the job of taking them over the bar and up the river. For that reason, many of the pilots moved over to Bald Head, to get a start on those who stayed on the mainland. The minute a ship was safely through the channel, friendly relations all started again. It was a community in the woods."

Today the woods have taken over this community and are threatening the old Coast Guard station. The Victorian barracks still stands and so does the mess hall behind it, as well as the boathouse and a number of outbuildings. But the windows are gone now and sand blows through the rooms where sailors once lived and rested between sea rescues.

A typical rescue is described in one of the lighthouse logs: "At 5:30 this morning J. A. Pinner reported a schooner ashore on Frying Pan Shoals five miles south from the station. The surfboat was launched as soon as possible. I reached the schooner about 8 a.m. She had sunk decks under and the sea was breaking over her. The crew had collected on the forecastle, the best place they could get. I took them in the surfboat at once. She proved to be the three-masted schooner, *Elizabeth A. Buzley* of Camden, N.J., from Charleston to Baltimore with phosphate rock—7 in crew. I landed at the station at 10:15 a.m."

The lighthouse era was the island's longest, beginning in 1796 with the construction of the Bald Head Light and ending in 1956 when the Cape Fear Lighthouse, the one Captain Charlie kept, was discontinued.

Plenty of fish

Reese remembers some of that era well. "There were three keepers. Each got a house for his family. One keeper would have the day shift and two would go up at night. I remember that each afternoon the two men on the night shift would hoist the fuel to the top of the lighthouse, and it would hang there until they were ready to use it. There were plenty of children around in the summer, and sailors used to come up from the Coast Guard station to visit in the evening. We used to fish off the shoals for channel bass and drag them home up the beach. There used to be plenty of fish around in those days, more than there are now. I've heard my father say that the only time the light was turned off was once during World War I. So many ships were being sunk in the area that it was ordered turned off for 11 days."

All that remains of the Cape Fear Lighthouse are a few pieces of steel and the stone base. The rest has been carried away. Birds nest among the ruins of the old Coast Guard station, and weeds cover the ground where the community of pilots once stood. Nothing remains of the pirates but their ghosts—ghosts looking for another ghost, that of Theo-

dosia Burr, the daughter of Aaron Burr who was thought to have been shipwrecked in that area. This is Smith Island's deserted era, when it belongs to no one but itself. But not for long. A new era waits on the horizon, the resort era. Here is what it might bring.

1) a year-round city of 60,000, 2) an airport and a site for light industry, 3) an amusement area "in the Disneyland tradition," according to one newspaper account, 4) halls for large conventions, 5) private and public beaches and golf courses, 6) a port to serve large ships, 7) a "summer White House" for the governor of North Carolina.

These are but a few of the things proposed in an elaborate study of the island completed a few years ago by a Florida architectural-and-engineering firm, Rader and Associates. Rader did the job for Frank O. Sherrill, a rich North Carolina restaurateur (he's the S of the S & W Cafeteria chain) who owns every one of Smith Island's 12,000 acres. Sherrill bought most of the island in 1938 for a reported $16,000 and completed the package in 1963 by offering the U.S. Government well over $100,000 for the old Coast Guard property. Sherrill says he bought the island without setting foot on it. "A friend of mine, Allen Ewing, told me I ought to buy the island. One summer Mrs. Sherrill and I joined Ewing in a trip to see the island. As our small boat neared the shore I asked, 'What's the price?' Ewing told me that the island could be picked up by paying back taxes. I said, 'All right, you've just sold an island. Now let's go look at it.'" At the time Sherrill wanted to make the place over into something like Bermuda, a plush resort, but when the war came along the plan had to be dropped. Recently, however, it has been revived, and rumors along the coast have it that this time Sherrill really means it, even though the Rader plan, excluding buildings, would cost in the neighborhood of $40 million.

I asked Reese what he thought.

"Mr. Sherrill always said he would like to do whatever the people in Brunswick County wanted him to do. There's no question about that. They want him to develop it."

One such person is James Harper, the editor of the *State Port Pilot* in Southport.

"This county practically gave Bald Head to Mr. Sherrill because it assumed

continued



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from the start that he was going to develop it. It's a pretty place. People in Southport are proud of it. The first thing they want to do is take you out to Bald Head. But pride's about all they've gotten out of it. This is a poor county. We can't afford to have a thing like that sitting on our doorstep just so a few people in Wilmington and Southport can have a place to hunt and fish. I hope Mr. Sherrill develops it. An ambitious plan like his would open up this whole area. It would bring a lot of money into the county, and the increased value of the land would find its way to our tax books."

Others feel the same way.

A motel operator: "I'd like to see him put up some first-class operations out there. I don't mean any $6-a-night motels. I mean the right kind, ones that would charge $30 a night. That's the kind of tourists we need around here."

A barber: "Southport's a nice, sleepy little town, but it needs something to pep it up. Bald Head could do that."

On the other side of the fence from the pro-developers are the conservationists. For years there has been an underground "Save Bald Head" movement in North Carolina, but now it has come surging to the top, led by Dr. Arthur W. Cooper, an associate professor of botany at North Carolina State. In 1964 Cooper and Sheafe Satterthwaite of Wildlife Preserves, Inc., a nonprofit organization whose aim is the conservation of open space and natural areas in America, published a book on Smith Island in which they say it is much too valuable to be developed. "The magnificent landscape destroyed today cannot be reclaimed tomorrow. The visitor to a Smith Island left intact participates in a unique contrast of land and sea, density and openness, rest and change. Participation in these pleasures contributes to some ultimate human and spiritual purpose."

Harper claims that like all idealists Cooper and Satterthwaite are impractical, although he does admit that there is some merit to Cooper's argument that commercial fishing, still Brunswick County's main industry, would be seriously hurt if the extensive marshes behind Bald Head were destroyed. According to Cooper, the productivity of these marshes "far exceeds the average productivity of most cultivated crops. In addition, almost half of this productivity is washed out of the marshes by the tide, in the form of organic detritus, and may serve as a major source of food for many important game and commercial species that frequent the estuarine waters near the marshes. Furthermore, shallow waters surrounding these marshes inhibit the entry of larger carnivores that frequent the deeper reaches of the estuary and the shelf beyond. For smaller fish this protection from predators allows for successful spawning and early development."

"This may be so," Harper says. "The fishing may suffer. But tourism will shortly replace fishing in this county anyway. And besides, those marshes have already been polluted by the Cape Fear River [which dumps raw sewage into them], and I honestly don't know what Dr. Cooper means when he talks about turning Bald Head into a state park or a wildlife refuge. What wildlife? There's none left! It's all been killed off. And speaking of pollution, did you know that oysters seem to thrive on it? It's a fact. They do. It doesn't hurt them one bit. It might hurt people who eat them, but the oysters themselves get fat."

Conservationists might keep this in mind. One way to protect wildlife from man might be to pollute it.

Cape of Fear. Fear what? Fear sewage.

It was a long, noisy night in Captain Charlie's old house, but the next morning I walked along the beach under the wings of a thousand gulls. Reese had taken the boat back to Southport, leaving me alone on a deserted island. How many people in this day and age are given that privilege? I thought of something Harper had said, that fat, polluted oysters can be washed out by dredging them up and then replanting them in clean water farther down the coast. There was a comparison here, but I didn't want to make it. I cast for a while, unsuccessfully, in the surf, then climbed up on a surveyor's rickety platform and looked at the dunes rolling into the forest. It was a sight that must have thrilled Rader and Associates. Think of the possibilities it offered an architect! All too clearly I could see the houses rising and Disneyland whooping it up. One thing a mainlander notices about an island is that whereas he builds to defy the elements, an island builds to accommodate them. Dunes and trees take their shapes from the wind. Curves replace angles, and it is the tide that designs a beach. The Indian who escaped strangulation by conforming his muscles to the coils of the snake surely learned that lesson from an island.

A trail led up the beach to where a turtle had laid its eggs in the loose dry sand of the higher slopes, covered them and returned to the sea leaving a second trail. Anyone who has ever seen one of these great creatures make that arduous overland journey on flippers, pulling its heavy body through the sand, occasionally resting with its eyes closed and its head down, panting, has witnessed a tribute to all living things. Yet on one stretch of highway in Florida thousands of newly hatched turtles, confused by the lights, are smashed each year. Furthermore, because so many southern beaches, hitherto undeveloped, are now being built up, the female loggerhead turtle is rapidly losing her nesting grounds. Bald Head, with its many miles of undisturbed beach, represents one of her last havens on the East Coast, and during a short walk one can find any number of trails such as I followed into the dunes.

Possum and coon tracks are also there. Reese says there are a few pigs on the island, but I didn't see any signs of these. Some years ago Sherrill brought a lot of pigs over from the mainland and turned them loose but, according to Reese, hunters killed most of them and went home with tales of all the wild boars they had shot. Even so, the pigs were more fortunate than the sheep Sherrill tried to introduce. All of them were slaughtered.

"Tame sheep at that," Reese said. "They would feed out of your hand."

Perhaps Harper is right. Perhaps it is too late to think in terms of wildlife when not even tame life is safe any longer. In the debate over Smith Island one thing is clear. Both sides have the welfare of man at heart. The developers believe man has the most to gain from a resort. The conservationists believe he has the most to gain from a park or a refuge. So long as man is the beneficiary, both sides have good arguments. But does man deserve Smith Island? We have polluted the water around it. We have slaughtered the things that once made it their home. Maybe it's time to build a fence around Smith Island, protecting it from ourselves with a sign that reads: HERE IS A TRIBUTE TO ALL WE HAVE DESTROYED. KEEP OUT. **END**



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tunity to hate it from a throne." George Sullivan wrote. "There was fun and amiability in Cassius Clay when he began his rise to national prominence. He was a popular good-looking youngster — precisely what the stricken fight industry needed. Clay was regarded as the potential savior of the sport, but some people feel he has been more of a hangman."

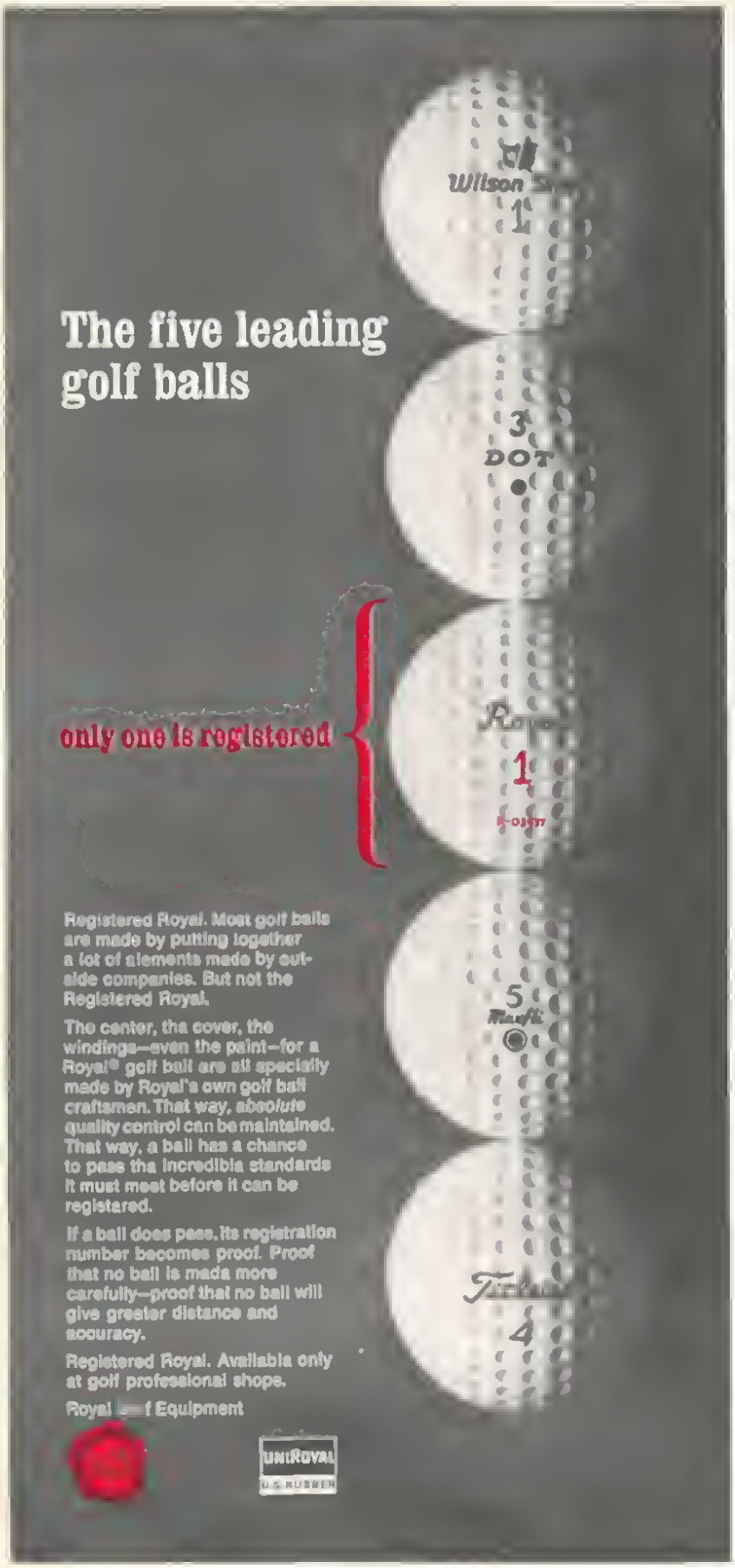
When Sonny Liston remained affixed to his stool at the beginning of the seventh round in Miami Beach two years ago, Cassius Clay automatically became the best-known sports figure in the world. Europeans may never have heard of America's Koufax, and North Americans may know little about Brazil's Pelè, and neither Americans nor Europeans know about Red China's Chuang Tse-tung, but who doesn't know who the heavyweight champion is?

Clay mounted his pedestal and used all his power and glamour to become the most hated figure in sport. Long before his unfortunate remarks about "them Viet Congs," domestic and foreign reporters alike (whose accuracy and sophistication were erratic) were lambasting him — for his lack of sportsmanship, for his tasteless braggadocio, for his cruelty and his contempt of others. The "clean and sparkling champion" was now being portrayed as a clean and sparkling bum, and more than a few people were taking nervous second glances at a remark made by Clay to Louisville Sportswriter Dean Eagle. Full of himself and his glory, Cassius had said, "I am the champion who will end all boxing."

Like most matters concerning Clay, the quote was paradoxical. His life is a symphony of paradoxes, and the biggest of all is that hundreds of thousands of words have been written about him, and yet his essential character, his attitudes, the fears and forces that drive him, remain unknown. The major public relations victory of Cassius Clay's career may lie in what he has kept hidden.

NEXT WEEK

In Louisville, Author Olsen discovers the proud, talented Clays and a father whose dislike of whites equals his son's



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. . .

He had been meaning ... to it, but what with one ... other **Robert Goldwater**, ... of the Goldwater stores ... joined brother Barry's part... was still a registered Dem... he was correcting the ove... registering as a Republic... plained in Phoenix, "beca... in the party's principles ... today."

. . .

Friday's child is loving... That is how the old saw ... how. But that seemed so... **Ker Wald's** mother so sh... pay no attention to her d... of birth and nicknamed ... instead. "It's from the god... boasts the now grown-up ... case it all happened 21 y... in celebration of the eve... Tuesday hefted a gift bot... pagne. "I now can drink ... may visit every bar on S...

Actually Tiw or Ti, the Ger... goddess, of war since the Rom... Mars, had *Dies Martis* named... Germans naturally did the sa... the other hand, comes from ... mans, goddess of domesticity a...



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Tuesday's child...

Both c...
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RESORTS

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...and Atlantic City... Fisher was packing th... ...Sarah Vaughan ... ...ean out at Le Bo... ...two-night stan... ...draw at Convention... Pier featured Milto... Berle and The D... ...ver at the Globe T... ...proudly pres... ...Sally Rand ... ...ve of those who th... ...had gone out ... ...seemed to have ch... For that matter ... either.

...ast of the Last Res... ...it was founded 1... ...ch, much gayer th... ...stripper and the ... ...cade a parvis ... ...ance that has largely ... affluent America. Th... ...nd for most visitors ... Atlantic City—a ... ...chroom, a cupcake ... Coney Island and a V... ...hall, where vulgarity ... ...sentimentality and p... ...ge unabashed a...







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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SASKETSALL—NBA BOSTON beat Cincinnati 120-101 and 112-103 to clinch the Eastern Division semifinal playoffs 3-2 and then, paced by Sam Jones (29 points) and John Havlicek (22 points), defeated Philadelphia 115-96 to take a 1-0 lead in the Eastern finals (*page 60*). ST. LOUIS wrapped up the Western Division semis in three straight with a 121-112 win over Baltimore in the third game. Earlier in the week Bullet Coach Paul Seymour announced his resignation to devote more time to his real estate and liquor interests in Syracuse. In the Western finals LOS ANGELES took a 2-0 lead with 129-106 and 125-116 victories over the Hawks.

SIMMENTHAL of Milan, led by two former U.S. college stars—Princeton's three-time All-American BILL BRADLEY (14 points) and SKIP THORENbf (Illinois (21 points)—won the European Basketball Championship Cup with a slim 77-72 victory over Slavia of Prague in the finals. Simmenthal beat Moscow's Red Army team in the semifinals.

BOATING—INQUNU, a 32-foot schooner owned by L. A. (Pike) Wheeler of St. Petersburg, Fla., edged Ashton Hayward's *Nikki*, a 35-foot yawl sailing out of the Pensacola Yacht Club, to win the 800-mile Pensacola to St. Petersburg sailboat race.

BOWLING—WAYNE ZAHN, 25, of Atlanta defeated Dick Weber of St. Louis 203-170 and gained the $25,000 first prize in the $100,000 Firestone PBA Tournament of Champions.

BOXING World Heavyweight Champion CASSIUS CLAY, 24, won a thrilling 15-round unanimous decision over George Chuvalo, the 28-year-old Canadian heavyweight champion, at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto (*page 62*).

DOG SHOW CH. FUZZIWIG RAGGEDY ANDY, an Old English sheep dog owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hendrik Van Rensselaer of Basking Ridge, N.J., defeated 3,401 other dogs to gain the best in show award at the International Kennel Club of Chicago show.

GOLF DOUG SANDERS of Oak Hill sank a five-foot putt on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff to defeat Tony Wyskiel of Bedford, Ohio, in the $100,000 Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open. Sanders and Wyskiel had completed the regular 72 holes with eight-under-par scores of 276. The victory lifted Sanders to third on the PGA list this season. It was worth $20,000 to Sanders.

MICKEY WRIGHT of Dallas shot a 214 to take the 54-hole Venice (Fla.) Open tournament by seven strokes when runner-up Beth Stone (*page 71*).

GYMNASTICS Despite a brilliant performance by STEVE COHEN, a 19-year-old junior at Penn State who scored 55.25 points of a possible 60 in six events, by will the all-round title, SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY gained the team title with 187.20 points at the NCAA championships at University Park, Pa. Unr Penn State, which finished sixth in the standings, was the first home-town defeat in both regular and championship meets in 11 years.

HOCKEY NHL MONTREAL (41-21-8) gained its seventh league championship in nine seasons as the Canadiens won 11 of the 16 games played in the final second place CHICAGO (37-25-8) moved to within one of three in the final week. Bobby Hull of the Hawks, the scoring leader, lifted his record to 54 goals and set a new season mark for points with 97. Montreal's two goalies, Charlie Hodge and Cesare Hodge, shared the Vezina Trophy for allowing the fewest goals (175) during the season. Third-place TORONTO (34-25-11) tied Detroit (31-27-12) to come in three points behind the Black Hawks and one point ahead of fourth-place DETROIT (31-27-12), which edged Montreal and Chicago. In a game rained out to be the closest race of the season, BOSTON (21-43-6) edged NEW YORK (18-41-11) by one point and climbed out of the cellar for the first time in six years. The Bruins finished up with two wins in three games, and the Rangers had two losses and a tie.

HORSE RACING—WILLIAMSTON KID ($18.60) with Robert Louis Stevenson up was awarded the $123,400 Florida Derby at Gulfstream after Abe's Hope (ridden by Braulio Baeza, beat him in the wire by a neck but was disqualified. Abe's Hope was placed fourth for twice bumping Sky Gun off stride in the stretch (*page 24*).

Dr. James H. Holloway Jr.'s TANEHA, a 10-year-old Kentucky gelding, with Joe Aitcheson up, finished three lengths ahead of Moonshiner to win the three-mile Carolina Cup timber race in Camden, S.C.

MOUNTAIN DEW, ridden by Janon Fisher III, son of the owner, beat out a fast-closing Jay Trump, last year's winner of the Grand National at Aintree, England, by a neck to take the 3½-mile feature of the Howard County Hunt Races at Glenelg, Md., and retire the challenge cup in the opening event of the Maryland hunt circuit.

SKIING Two girls from California, WENDY ALLEN, 21, of San Pedro and PENNY McCOY, 16, of Bishop, scored stunning upset victories over ten of favored Marielle Goitschel, France's Olympic gold medalist, in the High Sierra Cup races at Heavenly Valley, Calif. Miss Allen beat Miss Goitschel by an impressive margin of 6.9 seconds in the first of two giant slalom events (Canada's NANCY GREENE won the other giant slalom) and Miss McCoy edged Marielle by one-tenth of a second in the slalom. The French men's team, led by JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY, dominated the men's competition with two wins and a second, while JIMMY HEGA of Tahoe City, Calif. took a third and two victories for the best U.S. showing.

TABLE TENNIS VIOLETTA NISENKAITIS, 14, of Detroit, defeated Bernice Chotkas of New York 21-13, 11-21, 21-12, 23-18 to gain the women's singles title in the U.S. open championships in Detroit. Miss Nisenkaitis also won the girls' under-15 championship and teamed with Barbara Kaminsky of Blandensburg, Md. to take the women's doubles.

TENNIS PANCHO GONZALEZ, 37, beaten the week before in New York, upset Rod Laver 6-4, 5-7, 12-10 in the two-hour singles final to take the London professional tennis championship. Gonzalez' victory was worth $7,000, the largest purse in the history of the professional game.

TRACK & FIELD SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY in Baton Rouge, La. dominated the Texas Relays in Austin by setting an American record of 3:16.5 in the sprint medley relay and breaking three other meet records. The Southern runners (whose name within two tenths of a second of world records by taking the mile relay in 3:04.7 and the 440-yard relay in 39.9. Southern's THERON LEWIS, who ran a 45.6 anchor in the mile relay, was voted the meet's outstanding college division performer.

DYROL BURLESON, 25, of Eugene, Ore. won the mile in 3:57.5, the fastest outdoor time in the U.S. this season, at the Willamette Relays in Salem, Ore. Burleson's time was only 1.9 seconds off his all-time best of 3:55.6.

MILEPOSTS SIGNED: SANDY KOUFAX, 30, and DON DRYSDALE, 29, Los Angeles Dodger pitchers, to one-year contracts for an estimated combined total of between $225,000 and $245,000, after holding out for 42 days in a three-year $1 million package.

INJURED: Racing Car Driver WALT HANSGEN, 46, of Bedminster, N.J., when his Ford Mark II skidded out of control and flipped end over end on a wet track at Le Mans where he was making final runs for the 24-hour race in June. Hansgen was described as being in critical condition at a hospital in Orleans.

RESIGNED: MARVIN BASS, 46, as head football coach and athletic director at the University of South Carolina, to accept a three-year, $75,000 contract as general manager and head coach of the Montreal Beavers, a new team in the Continental Football League.

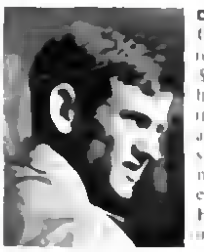
RETIRED: PATRICK REMILLARD, 60, of Toronto, the oldest active jockey in North America. In his 38-year career in the saddle Remillard accepted a total of 12,896 mounts, won 1,922 races, finished second 1,627 times and third on 1,607 occasions. His mounts won a total of $2,644,365.

TRADED: MAXIE BAUGHAN, 28, defensive captain of the NFL's Philadelphia Eagles, to the Los Angeles Rams for two 1965 picks, Tackle Frank Molden and Linebacker Fred Brown, and a future draft choice. Baughan was the third All-Pro linebacker signed by the Rams in eight days. The others: BILL GEORGE, 35, who was released by the Chicago Bears, and JACK PARDEE, 29, who was coaxed out of retirement by the Rams.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



DERRY WALIN, 26, a University of Washington student, steered *Starflite IV*, a 17-foot hydroplane with an Evinrude 100 S motor, to a world outboard boat speed record of 130.929 mph over a one-kilometer course on Lake Havasu, on the Arizona-California border.



ALISON ROOT, 15, a sophomore at the Germantown Friends School in Philadelphia, who comes from a family of badminton players, rallied to beat Patti Ling of Northville, Mich., for the U.S. 15-and-under girls' *junior* title in Philadelphia.



MARVIN HILDEBRAND, a 16-year-old junior at Highline High in Seattle, scored a total of 77 points in winning five individual events and the all-round title, as he led his school to its eighth Washington state high school gymnastics championship in the last 10 years.



EO SIEMER, 21, a pitcher for Rollins College in Winter Park, Fla., playing his first baseball game in two years, punch-hit a grand-slam home run 360 feet over the right field fence to help his team beat Georgia State College of Atlanta 14-0.



TERRY BRADSHAW, 17, a senior at Woodlawn High in Shreveport, La., set a national schoolboy javelin record with a throw of 243 feet 7 inches at a meet in his home town. A quarterback at Woodlawn, Terry will enroll at LSU this fall on a football scholarship.



ROBERT W. ELTON, 22, a math teacher at Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy, gained the New England AAU heavyweight power lift championship at Lawrence, Mass. by hefting 330 pounds in the bench press, 460 in the squat and 625 in the dead lift.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VIEW FROM THE HILL

Sirs

Your article, *France Has a Picnic in Vermont* (March 28), was cleverly written, but it did not touch the most significant aspects of the races. When the French, the Swiss or the Austrian skiers have their national championships, competition is restricted to the nationals of the respective countries. In this way the national champions get the recognition, publicity and acclaim they deserve. The same used to be true of our national championships, except that those countries, like Canada, that granted reciprocal privileges, could enter our championships and win the titles. Recently, however, the U.S. Ski Association changed the rules to permit foreign skiers to run in our nationals despite the ban on American entrants in the similar European events.

I think our American boys and girls deserve the spotlight to themselves when they win a national championship. They should get the honor and acclaim and publicity which they deserve, not be relegated to the also-ran class. Not only is this right and just, but also it stimulates younger, rising competitors to strive for similar honors.

ROLAND PALMEDO

New York City

Sirs

For too long there has been an ad agency tone to just about everything written concerning American competitive skiing. Thanks to Dan Jenkins for seeing through the clouds and writing something enjoyable and, most of all, believable. For a change someone has maintained a perspective that places us in a realistic position vis-à-vis the Europeans and the Canadians.

DWIGHT W. SMITH

San Francisco

WAVE LENGTHS

Sirs

Your article, *A Stadium Inside a Studio* (March 28), could do with some amplification. It treats Gordon McLendon in an almost posthumous way, not even telling whether he is still alive. I happen to know that McLendon is every bit as active as he was during the days of the Liberty Broadcasting System, and I dare say he is even more successful. He is 44, owner of a nationwide chain of radio stations, theaters and has many international interests in both real estate and oil. While he no longer does sportscasting, he still editorializes over all his own radio stations. I saw him in Chicago the other day. One remark that he made should be of more than passing interest. "Now that both Liberty and Mutual are out of the game-of-the-day business," he said to me, "I think there's room for a brand-new game-of-the-day network."

JAY J. G. SCHATZ

Chicago

Sirs

Lindsey Nelson's recollections of the baseball broadcasts on Gordon McLendon's Liberty network reminded me of what might have been Gordon's first baseball broadcast. As a member of an Armed Forces Radio Service team building GI stations in the Pacific, I broadcast some softball games on WVTY at the giant fleet anchorage of Ulithi. I went on to Peleliu in the Palau Islands and later had a letter from the Ulithi program people telling me how Gordon McLendon, then an intelligence officer in the Navy, had showed up one day offering to do a game. Their opinion was that he was sensational.

GORDON PHILLIPS

Los Angeles

Sirs

I am reminded of an earlier artist of this type of broadcasting—the late Johnny Neblett, who was the announcer for the Columbus, Ohio Red Birds on radio station WBNS around 1936 and 1937. Sportswriters decried his license—he would turn an ordinary pop fly into a thriller where three fielders ran into each other and were knocked breathless in their superb effort to save that ball from being a home run! The writers said they couldn't write such dramatic accounts, because "It just ain't so!" But Red Bird fans, especially the ladies, who adored Johnny, defended him fiercely. His account was what they wanted to hear. Studio parties were held where Ladies' Day crowds sat and watched him read the tape and then come out with his dramatic play-by-play. Sometimes ladies in the studio were invited to announce an inning, and they, too, would try to make it sound exciting.

Partly because we had such an outstanding American Association team in those years and partly because Johnny made the Red Birds sound a little better than they were, the sport fan's day was made a little brighter.

ROSEMARY SPRAGUE

Fayetteville, N.C.

FRIED SCALLOPS

Sirs.

As one very concerned about the increasing number of shanty towns that are making their dingy appearance along most of our country's once-beautiful shores, it did my morale good to read Pamela Knight's article on the work Landscape Architect Lawrence Halprin is doing in California (*Shelters on a Scalloped Shore*, March 28). SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is doing a commendable job of informing the public concerning advances in conservation.

DAVID H. BREMER II

Allentown, Pa.

Sirs

Instead of cluttering the pages of your magazine with the stupid results of the NBA season, you gave an account of that grand old sport of shelter-building (scalloped shore division). Now let's see a special on another much neglected sport: knitting!

STANLEY S. PAIST

Glenside, Pa.

SPARKPLUG

Sirs

The outstanding feature of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is its fine staff of writers and photographers who can add that spark of fire and drama that would make even a knitting contest interesting. Given a story like Texas Western's win over Kentucky in the NCAA finals—well, the way Frank Deford handled it was terrific (*Go-Go with Bobby Joe*, March 28).

Of course, we are prejudiced in El Paso, and maybe we wouldn't be so happy if the score was the other way round.

MAYO C. SEAMON

El Paso

Sirs

Hooray for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. You "adopted" our Texas Western Miner basketball team when the critics were chirping we were overrated. Your series of articles have warmed the hearts of all El Pasoans.

JOHN PHELAN

El Paso

ATLANTA SAILORS

Sirs:

Hugh Whall's piece on Atlanta's Ted Turner and his Southern Ocean Racing Conference triumph (*Meanest Vamp at Sea*, March 28) was most enjoyable. However, h'l old Atlanta is not just now reaching the big leagues at sea. In 1951 the late Willie Erwin, as fine a Peachtree Street cavalier as ever spliced the main brace with a julep, copped the SORC trophy with the PCC (Pacific Cruising Class) *Belle of the West*. The *Belle*, like Turner's *Vamp X*, was a stock boat of sorts.

A first-rate sailor in his own right, Willie also had such capable hands as Dick Bertram aboard, as well as much lesser lights, such as the undersigned. Willie, doubtless pointing very well in that Big Regatta in the Sky since his untimely death, would appreciate mention of this, I'm sure.

RICHARD HARDWICK

Atlanta

continued



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TIGERS TIGERS

Sirs

As a sequel to your story on high school basketball player Rick Mount (*Bright Star in Indiana*, Feb. 14), I thought your readers might like to know that Rick led the Lebanon Tigers to the state quarter-finals only to lose to East Chicago Washington by one point, 59–58. If it hadn't been for a bad case of leg cramps, Rick might have taken Lebanon all the way to the championship. As it was, he did not take a single shot during the whole last quarter of the game, but he still ended up with a total of 29 points.

In the afternoon game that same day, Rick was really hot. He scored 47 points—20 of them in the last quarter—to give Lebanon a 65–64 win over Logansport.

DOUG JETTS

Hobart Township, Ind.

Sirs

We here in Pensacola, Fla. are very proud of the record achieved by the Pensacola High School basketball team. Over a 2½-year period it has won 73 out of its last 74 games, including two state championships. During the 1963–64 season the Fighting Tigers were 30–4. They then reeled off 15 straight victories to finish the season 25–4 and Florida State champions. The next year the team won 28 straight before losing in the semifinal game of the regional tournament.

The Tigers began the 1965–66 season with five new starters. Tom Bowen, Richard Harper, Lawrence Lynn, Greg Nelson and Tony Staples—but, with a tremendous coaching job by Marvin Beck and a lot of talent and team desire, the Pensacola Tigers astounded everybody with a brilliant undefeated season and another state class-AA championship.

LARRY MACON

Pensacola, Fla.

Sirs

Greene County in Missouri would like to stake a claim as the basketball capital of the world. The Missouri Athletic Association has its state championship divided into three classes: L for high schools of over 550 enrollment, M for schools between 180–550, and S for schools under 180. The runners-up for the state championship in all three divisions this year were from Greene County. Parkview, in Springfield, was the class-L runner-up with a 27–1 record; Willard, 29–4, was the class-M runner-up; and Greenwood, the laboratory school at Southwest Missouri State College, was the class-S runner-up with a record of 28–6.

To put the icing on the cake, two colleges in Greene County, Southwest Missouri State and Drury, won their respective conference championships.

HAROLD L. GRIFFIN

Willard, Mo.

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